

THE east village **OTHER**

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"on the level."

Letters

Dear EVO:

This is an urgent appeal to your readers to do their summer grooving in the mountains or at the sea rather than at the Yippie Convention in Chicago during the last week of August.

Pax,
 Digger Bill
 Community Affairs Office
 San Francisco, Calif.

Dear EVO::

Busted, disgusted and friends can't be trusted. Need I say more. I'm in the Navy now, and can't wait to get out and return to my pad in the Village. It's a good thing there is such a thing as EVO. What would I do without it?

When they were going through my locker looking for, shall we say "contraband," they saw about ten issues of your groovy EVO. I thought they would shit. They did. These people can't understand. They are so dense. It's really pathetic.

Well, I just wanted to drop you a line and let you guys know you're doing a fine job (as if you don't already know). It would definitely be a groove to see this in your paper, but don't hassle over it. Keep up the good work.

Nick Vlados
 S-4 Div.
 USS Wasp CVS-18
 FPO, N.Y., N.Y. 09501

Dear EVO:

I recently found a police supply catalog. The manufacturer is W. S. Darley & Co., Melrose Park, Ill. After reading this you can really dig some of the philosophy behind the police departments around the country. Note the use of the words "Great Pacifier," "Peacemaker," "leaves no marks or bruises," "no cuts or fractures." There are other pages where you can buy hand grenades, bug-ging equipment and other nasty stuff. I hope you will print this to give some people the truth about our non-violent society.

By the way, our fine city of Superior, Wisc. bought \$100,000 worth of Riot Control equipment last year, but the two Negro families in town decided to move out.

Love,
 Peter & Margot Ruckstein
 1215 John Ave.
 Superior, Wisc.

P.S. Any transients stuck in this part of the country or passing through we welcome with our love.

P.P.S. Here are a few pages of the catalogue.

Dear EVO:

Peace and love.

Have you heard the latest rumor? It seems that Harry Anslinger managed to convince LBJ that stopping the war in Vietnam is the only way to stop the immense flood of Vietnamese dynamite grass from coming over here in soldiers' mail. Hence the curtailed bombing.

Tell Poor Paranoid that whoever recommended cantharidin to him has a head full of softsoap. Cantharidin is the extract from the well-known Spanish fly. It is not an aphrodisiac, and it is EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. What it does is to raise blisters on the mucous membranes lining the genital region. Anyone who could confuse the irritation in that region with genuine sexual desire is either a totally turned-off fool or a masochist, probably both. People have been known to die in horrible agony from 3 grains of cantharidin. (An aspirin tablet weighs 5 grains.) There is no basis whatever to the claim that this drug is a real sexual stimulant. There are no known aphrodisiacs; yohimbine turned out to be another irritant and even good acid isn't necessarily going to be a sexual turnon though in the later hours of a trip you might find sex much more meaningful than when down.

Love,
 Displaced head
 Walter Breen

Dear EVO:

I'm sure many of your readers have been puzzled by the rather strange turn of events that has followed the March 31 address by President Johnson. In order to clarify the significance of these events, I would like to give you the following behind the scenes information. I am a member of a super-secret underground organization called ORGASM — ORDER TO GAIN ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY OVER THE MILITARY. Our chief goal is to gain control of the U. S. military machine and, by means of massive acid treatment, convert this fantastic power from a war machine to a peace machine.

On Saturday, March 30, 1968, the first phase of our Super Plan to Energize the Resistance Movement (SPERM) went into effect. Unknown, even to the Secret Service, we captured President Johnson in the Washington, D.C. Y.M.C.A. men's room while he was masturbating while looking at his collection of photographs of napalmed Vietnamese children. In his place we left one of our own agents, a 23 year old Negro from Chicago who will remain nameless at present. This man, one of our finest agents, is a superb make-up artist who can do a "Johnson" for hours at a time without a flaw. It is this man who delivered the Sunday address.

It was our original plan to treat the President with some of the finest acid available in order to let him see what his course of action should be. Unfortunately, when he saw his mind under only 100 mikes, he freaked out. He is presently in the intensive care unit of our giant Arlington, Virginia, laboratories. We are now administering tranquilizers and if we can ever bring him down, we will proceed as best we can. Our ultimate plans call for the establishment of a Committee for Unceasing National Tranquillity with the newly converted President assuming the most prestigious and important role of Coordinator for Lessening Internation Tensions.

Love and pieces,
 RCH,
 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear EVO::

I agree with a "proud sailor" who wrote in your (Vol. 3, No. 17) issue, "What a bunch of bullshit you print in your paper."

I am sure if you try real hard you can find something good to say about your city and country. It can't be all bad as you try to make your readers believe. After all they do allow you to print that trash sheet you call a paper.

But who am I to criticize your idiot sheet. If it weren't for the hundreds of morons like myself who buy your garbage, you would never be in business.

Here's to your speedy demise.

John B. Underhill
 P.O. Box 654
 Cresskill, N.J. 07626

Dear EVO:

How can you in good faith advise people to take yogurt in hopes of obtaining a psychedelic high? Admittedly, there are scores of bacteria, toxics and various plant cultures which affect the nervous system or in other ways alter the conscious. Some of these, such as the belladonna can be found in an eighteen cent of asthma medicine, can produce auditory and visual hallucinations far wilder than a thousand micrograms of acid. Others, including morningglory seeds, nutmeg and the like, create sensations ranging from mild euphoria to nausea. The "psychedelic" effects of yogurt belong in a category which can be typified by one word—irrelevant.

The zeal with which Allen Katzman urges his readers to "enjoy the yogurt experience" (Vol. 3, No. 18, p. 5) is evidently inversely proportional to his knowledge of the subject. Or perhaps it is a cover-up for some sort of duplicity. Who knows? I can only assume that you knowingly bullshat the public by intimating kicks similar to those of grass and acid. If this is not the case, and you really dig the yogurt trip, allow me to recommend these mindbenders. (1) Stand in the middle of the room and take several deep breaths. Keeping the last inhalation in your lungs, make a terrific effort to exhale. This one is so groovy that you will soon pass out and fall on your ass. (2) Get into a small room with a few friends and a Dobermann Pincer. Stoke up a few joints and pass them around. Every few tokes or so, lean over and blow a lungful of smoke into the dog's nostrils. Shortly, when the dog's eyes become a glazed red and he begins a low menacing growl, you will correctly surmise that he is about to act out his innate hostilities by attacking someone. Of course the first person to move will be torn apart. What do you do now? Freaky scene, huh? (3) If the previous two trips do not appeal to you, you may want to try the belladonna. Go to any drugstore and ask the pharmacist for a small bottle of Asthmador (no prescription needed). Next, dump the powder out and fill up nine capsules of the five milligram size. Avoid any temptation to increase the dosage as belladonna is a toxic poison and can be lethal in an overdose. Wash the caps down and relax. In about 30 minutes all hell will break loose. A word of caution, though—be absolutely sure to have someone with you who knows what's happening; and stay inside. Belladonna achieves its effects by poisoning the central nervous system. In addition to inducing the weirdest hallucinations, the drug also retards muscular coordination, making it difficult to walk and even more difficult to control the bladder. In short it is a sloppy, spooky trip but worth the hassle once if you're looking for kicks. After effects are generally confined to slightly blurred vision for up to a day after coming down. Nothing to sweat, just watch the dose.

Tom Hackett

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BY MICHAEL W. MORIER

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Our Man In

ATLANTA



President Johnson & the Justice Department will have Stokely Carmichael arrested as soon as King's killer is apprehended.

"The brother is in trouble," Jim Foreman told a street rally in Atlanta a few hours after last Tuesday's genial and crafty public relations job, black & white together singing "overcome."

The White House is now building an "air-tight" case against Carmichael. While responsible Negro leaders were running down the NOT ME BOSS CHORUS Carmichael bopped with the street anger in Washington and sought to give some leadership to the kids (who were already leading themselves).

He can be accused of inciting to riot, looting and arson, political charges according to those who feel that the government owes it to itself to pin the Washington bonfire and tasty looting on a big-militant-name. To become another Public Enemy No. 1.

"But they can't touch me," Stokely said in Atlanta Monday night, and Tuesday morning ran into a hassle while entering Ebenezer Baptist Church.

There are some members of King's organization who blame the militants for pressuring King into Memphis and helping to create a climate that contributed to his death, a simplistic argument.

Some wanted to exclude Stokely and other militants, like Ron Karenga, from the Ebenezer Baptist Church.

It was felt however that Stokely, as a black leader and one who walked & fought with Martin during sweet black non-violent days should have been received with more courtesy, that the old men of Atlanta shouldn't even have tried to humiliate him.

Let's switch to the scene before the Ebenezer Baptist Church with the crush so heavy that Martin's brother

has to threaten to steal "De Lawd's" body away and bury it privately. "Make way for Floyd Patterson," someone shouted, ignoring Stokely who was in front of the ex-champ. Anyhow, Stokely pushed in with Cleve Sellers, scapegoat for the Orangeburg, S. C., massacre of February 8th when State Troopers righteously killed three black students.

Stokely ran into more hassles inside. The ushers said he couldn't have a seat until all the King relatives were seated; but there were several rows of empty seats around Nixon, Humphrey, Kennedys, Romney, Lindsay, Rockefeller and the whole bunch down there to be exposed to the media in this election year of politics, politics, politics.

"O.K.," Stokely said, quietly, "we shall go to the balcony."

"But there are no seats there."

"O.K., we'll stand."

He continued walking upstairs, the usher shook her head, and a few minutes later he was led to a seat directly in front of Lindsay and Rockefeller who squirmed.

"I hope these damn militants don't embarrass Martin today," a minister told me. But Martin was not embarrassed, and His mafia was pleased.

The ministers and deacons of SCLC were telling the young activists that they didn't want any politics in the funeral; but, at the same time, they were bending over to certain political dreams, SNICK, for example, wanted to shower the march with leaflets calling for the release of H. Rap Brown, but SCLC begged No. But at the same time there was one deal with Rev. Wyatt T. Walker to give Rockefeller as much exposure as possible, which he got. About 120 million

Americans saw him on television, and his smile & sadness were beamed by Early Bird communications satellite to Europe, where they were transmitted by Eurovision, the European broadcasting union; and the Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy proudly announced that even the Japanese were viewing the spectacle.

So jostling for attention/position is natural in such an intense media situation where some of the main participants, male & female, wore makeup. And the comfortable moderates refused to let the militants in on a good thing; so not one young street revolutionary was allowed to say a few words of tribute to Martin, who loved everyone. No mention of H. Rap Brown against whom bail is now being used punitively.

The eulogy was delivered by Dr. Benjamin Mays, retired president of Morehouse College and a Lyndonian Democrat.

"Jesus died at 33," he said to millions, Joan of Arc at 19, Byron and Burns at 36, Keats and Marlowe at 29 and Shelley at 30, Dunbar before 35, John Fitzgerald Kennedy at 46, William Rainey Harper at 49 and Martin Luther King Jr. at 39," but no mention of Malcolm X whose widow was in the Atlanta audience.

But Malcolm's portrait was passed around and loudly acclaimed at a black rally on Hunter Street in front of Paschals after the funeral. A lot of people wanted Stokely to lead an assault downtown to Governor Maddox turf. But Stokely didn't speak. No more risks, the militants advised. And Maddox who now wears a bullet proof vest and two shoulder holsters, didn't get the action he expected, or the beating he deserves.

by Lennox Raphael

When will John V. Lindsay meet

I love New York City, even though paranoia was invented here. The tall buildings and the people pressing in on you make for a bitter vintage wine. Life is giddy here especially when it is poured into you at the rate of a roller derby: pushing and shoving, an elbow in the groin, a thumb in the eye, a quick slap across the face. I know it is a rough and tumble trip but it's a groove when it's all fun and games. It's only when it becomes real, when it becomes a matter of survival that it starts to become a drag. And New York is a drag because no one likes to be caught up in the death of anything, especially a city.

This is something that didn't start overnight, nor will it end overnight. It has been happening in the last thirty years practically in every major city in the United States. It's just that New York, like the dumb/brilliant giant she is, has taken longer to see it and even longer to do something about it. She has not grown as a city should, but rather, like a hungry aimless mouth, she has refused to recognize the purpose of eating and growing. She has denied her existence as a living organism and prefers to wallow in the mire of her own inert matter. The brain and the asshole of this city are consumed in the same processes but the asshole has taken over and the brain peeks out holding back the lips of the anus against insurmountable odds.

The Mayor of New York has time and again tried to make others aware of the situation, especially the powers that be which run this country. But he has been caught up in the position of trying to save the City and at the same time trying to change it. It is a proven fact and analysis that cities with a population of over 100,000 are uninhabitable and unmanageable. General Electric has recently been planning out and experimenting with city life that needs only a small population. Lindsay could just let New York City die and take its natural course or he could implement a complete restructuring and redesigning of the city and thereby create 80 new cities connected through electronic technology. A complete decentralization of New York city, of course, would mean a complete overhaul, which smacks of fantastic amounts of money and an impersonal movement and the shifting around of homes, people and services. But the last thing this city needs is a politician to save it.

About two weeks ago, a non-politician, Buckminster Fuller, the architect with a dream, came to New York City, not to see the Mayor but to talk to residents of the lower east side. His visit was sponsored by an indigenous based organization, THE REAL GREAT SOCIETY INC., a self help group started by leaders of Puerto Rican fighting gangs four years ago. The confrontation, between these reformed ghettoites and this visionary scientist for better living, was one of illumination, anger, and paranoia.

Buckminster Fuller stood before them at the headquarters of RGS, 109 Avenue A, literally, with the world on his hip. He carried a large polyethylene beach ball with the map of the globe inscribed on its surface. He used this demo to describe to the mixed audience of old and young his World Design Science Decade to increase world literacy and the physical possibilities of equalizing global living standards. His words ricocheted off blank faces unable to absorb the highly technical language of a far removed dream.

At the end of his almost hour long explanation on how he would redesign the world so it could support human life at a better living standard than ever before conceived by man, Buckminster Fuller asked for questions. It was at this moment the audience rose up against him and angrily accused him of double talk and of skirting the present solutions to their own plight.

"What about now," one angry person shouted at him. "How does this apply to doing away with ghetto life now?"

All hell broke loose as everyone vented their frustration on this lone man who had come to the lower east side to help and improve living conditions down here. It was not until Carlos (Chino) Garcia, the head of RGC, stopped the discussion and spoke to his people: "Look. This man is working for us, not us for him. He's come down here to give his knowledge and knowhow. Let's work with him, not against him." In one short statement, Chino Garcia gave the answer to the solution of everyone's problem.

What Buckminster Fuller's ideas are, are best explained by John McHale, a research associate and executive director of WORLD RESOURCES INVENTORY, an international collegiate organization presently acting as center for Fuller's WORLD DESIGN DECADE:

In a few generations man's world has shrunk from a vast planet, whose surface was still uncompletely



by Allan Katzman

known and whose people were relatively remote strangers to one another, to a continuous neighborhood, in which no man is more than a few hours distant from all other men and on which communication between men may be instantaneous. Man-made satellites circle this neighborhood many times in one day and the repercussions of major events affecting part of the human family are swiftly felt throughout the whole world.

It is a closed community now, so interdependent that every mistake made can be exaggerated on a world scale and every opportunity seized, in corporate wisdom, can mutually benefit the whole of mankind.*

World's society's awareness and understanding of the problems accompanying these changes has not, however, kept pace with the changes themselves. The world's literacy regarding its major problems is still relatively inadequate. Historically accustomed to geographical remoteness and comparatively isolated autonomy, man still tends to think in these terms. His atten-

tion is most easily focused on local tensions and upheavals which are in themselves the surface manifestations of the larger problems rather than prime causes. Literacy regarding world problems lies initially with the understanding of their global nature, and with their underlying prime causes rather than local surface events.

Old Problems

In communicating the urgent and critical nature of the present situation, it is important to realize that the main problems with which man is faced are not intrinsically new in his experience. All human history is a long record of the struggle against hunger, disease, war and ignorance. The present gravity of these familiar aspects of the human condition, and that which gives them unique urgency, is their expanded dimensions. This vastly increased scale has been compounded, paradoxically, through man's successful advances in science and technology which are his prime means of combating them.

This present imbalance in the availability of such material advances to all is the prime aspect of our

(Continued on Page 20)

Photo - ZOD



Buckminster Fuller?

from LIL



with Love

by Lil Picard

In Answer
to Saul Gottlieb's Article
in EVO, April 5th:

I am a child of war from Europe. As a little girl I sat in our cellar in Strasbourg, Alsace-Lorraine, listening to bombs falling on that old gothic city killing little children. That was in World War One.

I lived in Berlin before and during the Nazi time. I watched the bookburning in 1933 and I saw the Berlin Reichstag (Parliament) being destroyed by fire. I helped editors and writers to leave the country by hiding them in my own apartment until they could find a way to escape. Miraculously I saved my own life and could emigrate to America in 1937. But for many years I had my lost my capacity to write; I was under a shock and unable to form words on paper. So I started to paint. (Painting is an international language.) This happened in 1941.

In 1953 I went back to Germany for the first time, a still destroyed Germany. I met some of my former writer friends, who had survived the holocaust. They were not Nazis. Some had been in concentration camps, some had lived "Underground." I started to write again for a newly formed de-nazified newspaper. I still do some writing for a paper and an art magazine in Germany. I like to communicate with the German public to tell them about avantgarde activities in the United States. I am neither a political writer nor a political activist. But I do write about art, poetry, books, film, intermedia. I am an artist. I do concrete poetry, clay tablets, destruction and collages. When I heard about Ralph Ortiz' kind of artistic work, I went to one of his performances in the old *Ecce Homo Gallery*. I was at the same time repulsed and fascinated by this type of performance. I had years ago seen Hermann Nitsch's, Gunter Brus' and Otto Muehl's works in Vienna, and "destruction in Art" was not unfamiliar to me. It is a reflection by artists of our destructive times. I also was quite familiar with the happenings of the German Wolf Vostell, with whom I shared an exhibition in the *Parnass Gallery* in Wuppertal, Germany in 1962. Those artists used "Destruction" in Art, to abreact, and redirect Destruction.

When the first *Dias 1966* took place in London, Herbert Read wrote in the English magazine "Resurgence", the following comment on Destructive Art:

"The safe diversion of aggressive instincts in man . . . must be made the explicit purpose of education." And Read also quotes in his essay from Dr. Konrad Lorenz' book "On Aggression" that "it is neither possible nor desirable to eliminate those aggressive instincts . . . But if the human race is to continue to survive rather than destroy itself by weapons now at its command, it must adopt urgent measures to reform or redirect its aggressive instincts; and Read adds: "Art is the most fundamental of modes of redirection of aggression."

Ralph Ortiz, who was exposed to a certain kind of aggression in the preview of the *Dias 68* in the *Judson Symposium* when The Team of Wilcock and Kirby rescued the chickens he wanted to destroy (sacrifice), bases his work on the studies of primitive people's art-expressions. He studied non-western cultures; he goes back to the culture of the *Pot-lach* Indians of New Guinea who ritually kill with arrows their masks, called "Hebehe," worn during month-long festivities climaxing a ceremonial cycle that lasted from 10 to 20 years. At the end of the cycle the masks were destroyed by fire. I have great respect for Ortiz as an artist and a creator . . . but I can understand that the average gallery visitor or Happening watcher is frightened and disturbed by his performances.

When I was asked to join *Dias 1968* in U.S.A. in the summer of 1967 as an advisor and art critic and also as a performer, I did so because I believe in the validity of "destruction in art," as an artform. I have done two events, in 1965 and in 1967, in which I concretely destroy materials as symbols. In my cosmetic happening in the *Smolin Gallery* called "2165," with a simulated atomic attack and destruction of cosmetic material, and in the *Sweet Peace and Lollypop* event on the *Staten Island Ferry International Avant Garde Festival*, where I destroyed paintings, lollypop and photographs, I attempted to show symbolically my horror of destruction in life. I am a pacifist. I don't believe that bombing buildings, museums, universities or acts of violence of any kind will solve our human problems today. I believe in *Peace, Patience and Purity*. I rarely use four letter words but I don't think they are worse than other words in our language. But for myself I prefer the word *Love* to fuck .

I watched Saul Gottlieb's fight with Charlotte Moorman, and Saul accuses me of failing to report it as it happened. He feels that I had an obligation to do so. So I will do that.

I think that Charlotte should not have smashed the violin in the direction where Saul was. But she accidentally hit him, because he interfered with her performance of an artistic work which Nam June Paik had written in the year 1961. She wanted to do her thing. I believe every artist has the right to perform a work of art in a free society (and I hope we still have that), at a place like the *Judson Memorial Church*.

Don't we have freedom of expression in America anymore?

Jean Jacques Lebel called his happenings in Paris in 1964 and in 1965 "Workshop de la Libre Expression" and "Festival de la Libre Expression." As I can remember the letrists (lettering artists) of Paris invaded the 1965 Festival and disturbed Jean Jacques' Libre Expression to such an extent that everybody fought and people got hurt being pushed around on the floor. It was a big mess . . . that's the way "libre expression" works, Baby . . . So this time libre expression went on in the *Judson*, and Saul got hurt . . . not much anyhow . . . but I as a peaceful person regret that very much . . . I think it was an accident.

As for intention to blow up Jean Jacques' Letter, I would like to ask Saul Gottlieb, who looks rather nice and humorous to me (gray beard and over 40 and all), if he has no sense of humor . . . **BOOM! BOOM!** Maybe what I should do is to blow my nice clean breath into a paperbar in which I have embedded the ominous letter that appeared in *EVO*—(abstract expressionistic-black white print, in fact it's just printed matter, isn't it?) and then pop it, **BANG!** in a kind of Neo-Dada, Kurt Schwitters, George Gross, *Sturm-time-Berlin* way . . . rather gently . . . because I wouldn't hurt a fly. I couldn't see anyone killed . . . ever . . . not my dead body . . . I'd rather run or use words or visual expressions. That's the reason I can still debate on human issues today. I am a peaceful, non-violent person. I believe in non-violence because I have seen the results of all the wars and revolutions I had to live through in Europe and in the U.S.A. Since 1937, I have lived through the Second World War, the Korean War, the Vietnam War and now, so it seems I have to experience the American Civil War. I would rather prefer, that times would be less violent. But if I think about

artistic endeavours, I don't understand why a writer, poet and sweet looking guy like Saul threatens artists, his fellow artists—with violent acts—quote him:

"But I am interested in destruction, albeit not merely symbolic. I hereby warn the *Dias* gang that if they attempt to blow up Jean-Jacques' letter I will try to stop them, and not nonviolently."

He goes on to say: "Further, I demand they call off their plan to blow up Jean — Jacques' letter, and call off the *Finch Museum Dias Show*, as both are counter — revolutionary. If they hold both or either event, I will try to stop them—Violently."

This is a threat . . . and a threat with violence is, as far as I am advised, against the law of the United States. But I am peace loving person, and so is Jon Hendricks, who is a pacifist and a Quaker. We both don't believe in violence. We both feel we are artists and not political activists.

And I would like to say to Saul Gottlieb what Gandhi said: "My creed of nonviolence is an extremely active force. It has no room for cowardice or even weakness. When a man is fully ready to die he will not even desire to offer violence. And history is replete with instances of men who by dying with courage and compassion on their lips, converted the hearts of their violent opponents."

In Berlin I wrote for the same Newspaper in which Bert Brecht first started to write. So in his memory I would like to end this reply to Saul Gottlieb the writer, playwright and poet with the first line of Brecht's Poem "An die Nachgeborenen"— "To the future born: Really, I live in sinister times."

History often so much stronger and more convincing than any Art. Ralph Ortiz, Organizer of *Dias 1968*, and Jon Hendricks, Director of the *Judson Gallery* have gone into mourning for Dr. Martin Luther King. Their statement is the following:

In deference to the memory and the spirit of the beautiful soul DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., *DIAS-U.S.A.*, 1968 has canceled the 1968 International Symposium of Destruction in Art to have been held at *Judson Memorial Church Gallery*. On April 19, 7:00 to 9:00 p.m., all artists concerned will participate in a memorial to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

This is a time for the ceasing of all destruction—even that of art.





poor paranoid's almanac

An interesting underground newspaper out of Atlanta, Georgia, and covering the Southern scene is *The Great Speckled Bird*. Send \$5.00 a year for subscription to Atlanta Cooperative News Project, P.O. Box 7946, Station "C," Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

The first European International Pop Festival will be held in Rome, May 4-10 of this year. Groups from practically every country on the world map are expected to attend. From the United States, *The Association*, *Buffalo Springfield*, *Buffy Sainte Marie*, *Byrds*, *Crome Syrcus*, *John Handy*, *Incredible String Band*, *Moby Grape*, *Nina Simone*, and *Odetta* have contracted to play. Personal negotiations between the London Festival Office and Mr. O'Brien, Manager of the Steve Miller Blues Band are underway for inclusion of the following groups while they are on European tour during the Festival period: *Big Brother and the Holding Company*, *Country Joe and the Fish*, *Electric Flag* and *American Music Band*, *Grateful Dead*, *Jefferison Airplane*, and *Steve Millers Blues Band*. The groups from other nations are too numerous to mention except to report that Donovan will play there.

For further info contact the ROME OFFICE: Piazza Anco Marzio, 1, Ostia Lido, Italy 00056 or phone: 602-7520. In London, 164 Bishopsgate, EC2 (4th Floor) or phone: 01-247 8821/5844. Tickets and Tours Office, Ridge Rose Travel Ltd., 32 Tottenham Street, London W.1., or phone: 01 636-0010.

New York — Harlem CORE are looking for films dealing with Black themes, that is, black persons or issues relevant to the Black community. Contact St. Clair Bourne, UN 4-8809.

Veterans & Reservists To End The War In Vietnam will be parading Saturday, April 13th at 12 noon. The parade will start from Columbus Circle, N.E. corner 59th Street & 8th Avenue (Central Park). A reservists rally on what you can do to escape Johnson's plans to put you in this war will begin at 2 p.m. at Union Square North, 17th St. & Broadway.

Martin Luther King Jr.'s funeral on TV was a drama to behold as the industry called forth all its professionalism and poured on the catharsis. They even out-fellinied Fellini when at one point they layed over Martin Luther King's own voice at the burial sight.

It was obviously a last ditch attempt by the media to direct the flow of energy away from burning and looting. But the words on King's crypt were significant, "Free at last, Oh Lord! Free at last!" I doubt whether H. Rapp Brown, Elridge Cleaver, Huey Newton, and LeRo Jones, who either are in jail or have sentences hanging over their heads, see it that way.

Group 212 in Woodstock, N.Y., has begun a two year billboard exhibit. The billboard is 12 x 25 feet and is available to artists of all media to work with or on. By summer it will be wired with a UV fixture and strobe. Each statement will remain up for three weeks. Artists interested in working on the board or project in general should contact the Artists Coordinating Committee, Group 212, P.O. Box 96, Woodstock, N.Y.

On the weekend of April 13, painters and filmmakers are invited to come free of charge for a weekend of film screening and billboard painting . . . collaborative style. Call (914) CH 6-8287, any evening, for complete information. The weekend is free to working artists filmmakers by reservation only.

(Continued on Page 17)

OM, AING, GHRING, CLING,
CHARMUDA, YEI VIJAY . . . ancient
Brahmin mantra for consecration of
Bhang. Source, Allen Ginsberg.

The new bill currently in Congress for the regulation of "hallucinogenic drugs (including LSD) and other depressant and stimulant drugs" seems so contrary to any rational approach to drug control that I feel that I must call it to concerned peoples attention.

Proposed by the LBJ administration and backed wholeheartedly by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, the bill cited as Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments of 1968, HR 15355 and S 2990 would impose heavy criminal penalties not only for sale and distribution of the above-named drugs, but also for possession of them. This marks a drastic increase in the criminal approach to drug abuse, as contrasted with more rational educational and therapeutic approaches. There is even some indication from the testimony heard so far in committee, that the legislation will also be stretched to include marijuana (possibly increasing possession penalties) and a wide variety of different pharmacological agents.

There is an excellent article in the 16 March '68 *New Republic* which describes this legislation: and if you would like a copy of the bill itself, write your national Senator for one.

The strongly adverse effects which the passage of such a bill would have on the academic world, are obvious. If one accepts, for instance, the conservative estimate of Dr. Helen Nowlis, who has spent the last several years studying the drugs-on-campus problem for the National Association of Student Personnel Administrators, about 60,000 students, 1 percent of college students, have tried LSD. These thousands of students would immediately be branded as federal criminals if the proposed bill is passed into law. The Stony Brook marijuana bust will eventually look like a child's tea party, as the hundreds of new drug agents authorized by LBJ pour onto campus after campus.

The bill is one more attempt to impose regulation of the prohibitionist-mentality kind on innocent students whose activity does not hurt anyone, simply because a nationwide scare-campaign has been foisted off on the American public (including Senators and Congressmen) by the FBN and the "news" media.

Please take the time to write at least one of your national Senators and enter a strong statement based on your concerns about the proposed legislation. You should send a carbon to the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare.

A film salute to the future of Czechoslovakian films, followed by a discussion on Milos Forman and other leading Czech directors will be sponsored by St. Clemens Film Association, April 15th, 8 & 10:30, at Earl Hall, Columbia University, 117th & Bway.

Admission is \$1.00. For further info., phone EL 5-6861 or 265-0028.

by Allan Katzman

WASHINGTON, Apr. 3 (LIBERATION News Service) — Cadet Edward L. Constantine writing in the March issue of *ARMY* magazine, called for the introduction of a small, light hatchet to augment the present soldier's arms.

He argues that the modern "soldier still lacks a truly effective weapon for close-in defense." A knife, he says, gives the soldier only one chance. "But a small ax could, because of its terrific shock power, stun or paralyze an assailant long enough for the soldier to swing again."

"In our search for more effective weapons for the future," Constantine concludes his editorial, "let's not overlook those of the past."

MOVEMENT BUSINESS ITEM: Last summer, many of the major figures in the *underground* and leaders of the "Revolution" gathered in London for a two-week "Congress on the Dialectics of Liberation," sponsored by the Institute of Phenomenological Studies. The institute is now offering recordings of the major addresses from the Congress. Recordings of talks by Stokely Carmichael, Herbert Marcuse, Paul Goodman and Allen Ginsberg, among others, are available on 33 1/2 r.p.m. records. For a list of records and prices, write to the Institute of Phenomenological Studies, 4 St. George's Terrace, London, NW 1, England. (From International Communications Network).

The Warmth Committee is sponsoring a "Renaissance Fair" at Columbia University, on Saturday, April 13, from 12 noon to 7 p.m. Bagpipers, rock groups, minstrels, madrigals, African music, Shakespearean mask, and the building of a cathedral will highlight the affair. The Warmth people plan to join the Yip-Out and Be-In which will be taking place the next day, Easter Sunday, at Central Park's sheep meadow. For further info call 663-8255 or 280-4343.

San Juan, P.R., Apr. 3 (LIBERATION News Service) — An officer and two sergeants of the U.S. Army met violent opposition at the Ponce de Leon High School in San Juan recently when they tried to deliver a recruiting talk about Vietnam to Puerto Rican youths. The incident was reported by Havana Domestic Television Service.

The students prevented the three Americans from getting out of their automobile in front of the school. The officers had planned to dispute statements by Puerto Ricans who have opposed the draft.

The San Juan paper *El Mundo* reports that in the past few weeks Puerto Rican independence organizations, students, and others have increased their actions against the war in Vietnam and insisted military recruitment.

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EGO RAPS RAPS RAPS

INTERVIEW WITH TIM HARDIN
By EMMET LAKE

"A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS"

ACT ONE: BEFORE
ACT TWO: CENSORED
ACT THREE: AFTER

Act One. Scene One. Fleetwood Cadillac limousine, enroute to custom tailoring establishment on 20th St.

EMMETT: Have you got any sense of purpose . . . direction . . . something you can total up in your life? Or do you think that's not worth thinking about?

TIM: I think about it all the time, and that's probably one of the reasons I'm . . . fucked up.

EMMETT: How are you fucked up?

TIM: Well, I'm not satisfied enough with myself to, ah, decide . . . readily . . . on any of my movements. You know, what to do, where to go: if there's any choice to make, I'm slow, and often incorrect, in my decision.

Act Two. Hilton Hotel, New York City. Censored.

Act Three. Same set as scene two.

EMMETT: What kind of music do you dig to listen to?

TIM: I don't listen to much . . . but I like Ray Charles. (Long pause.) I don't like to think of music as what K.I.N.D. of music I listen to, you know, like "classical" or "jazz" or "rocknroll." There are performers — different artists — that I dig, in most every field. And they all have something in common.

EMMETT: You dig Cream?

TIM: No. They're inadequate musicians: like most musicians. They really . . . they don't know their horns. They have taste, you know . . . what they would dig to be able to do . . . and what . . . so they emulate what they would dig to be able to do . . . and come up with a few of the sounds of whatthey would like to be able to do . . . but they really are inadequate. They can't really choose what to play, while they're playing.

EMMETT: Are you a movie fan? Do you see a lot of movies?

TIM: I like movies, but I don't . . . I don't . . . I never think about goin' to movies. I saw "Bonnie and Clyde." Then before that I saw . . . ah . . . "Quo Vadis" . . .

EMMETT: Have you got any thoughts about being an actor?

TIM: Yeah . . . yeah . . . I could really do some nice shit.

EMMETT: I think I read on the back of one of your album covers that you came to New York to study acting.

TIM: Yeah, well I told you I did . . . no, I didn't.

EMMETT: Where did you study?

TIM: Well, I came here because I had a scholarship in the thing . . . with the American Academy of Dramatic Art . . . before I found out it was a shithouse in distress . . . I'm just not what I was eight years ago. So . . . ha ha. I came to New York . . . I can just see this asshole coming here . . . Jets were really new then. For me . . .

EMMETT: Did the people who are organizing the YIPPIE festival in Chicago approach you about singing there? Do you have any interest in that kind of political action?

TIM: Hugh Romney asked me about that, I guess. Do you know Hugh?

EMMETT: I'm not close friends with him, but I know who he is.

TIM: Man, he's beautiful. He really believes in life. Anyway, I have an interest in that kind of shit . . . but I don't know enough about it, or maybe I don't have enough interest to get past my laziness. I don't do anything about it. Sometimes I get politically very, you know . . . come out with political opinions and shit.

EMMETT: What kind o a situation do you want to be in when you're, say, fifty-five?

TIM: Wow! Hahahahaha. Man! . . . Oh, man . . . You know, I'd like to be really PLEASED. But that isn't a situation. I'd like to have accomplished . . . I'd like to have attained some self-satisfaction, you know, some . . . Like a feeling of just being able to dig everything, you know? A feeling of really liking being alive. Being interested. In the world, you know.

EMMETT: Did you stop, or have you stopped being interested in being alive?

TIM: I used to be very interested in the world, in a way. But . . . again . . . Some things always were a drag I was always sad

EMMETT: Hay you ever seen a psychiatrist?

TIM: Yeah.

EMMETT: Do anything for you?

TIM: No . . . No. Depending on how good I feel, in what way I feel good . . . If I feel good and have a lot of energy . . . The way that I would appear to anyone is much different than if I . . . You know. Not just mood — which someone could obviously see, but what they think I'm like and who they think I am. You know, my moods IS who I am, in a way . . . Hey, what were those four things you mentioned earlier?

EMMETT: Sex, dope, politics, and religion?

TIM: Yeah. Sex, man. If you can have . . . exerting, you know . . . If you can have greatly physically —exhausting strenuous sex every day . . . and you can come . . .

EMMETT: Keeps your head in good places . . .

TIM: Well, I don't know about your HEAD. I wasn't even talkin' about your head I just FEELS so good . . . And therefore of course your head DOES feel better. But if you can stay away from drugs that tear

you down, physically, or drugs that keep you from coming . . . Anyway, if you can have something like that, that you do enjoy, like that, that's good for you, you know, wow, man, I think that's really important. In gettin' your ass together, or getting next to what to do. I think that's really important. Unless you don't have a cock, and you're a guy.

EMMETT: On that subject, your song: "Your Upset The Grace Of Living When You Lie" has a line. I think the idea was 'don't give yourself when you don't feel like it.' When you give yourself to me, and you don't feel like it, then you're lying, and you upset the grace or living. Was that about chicks who ball you when they don't really feel like it, or is that just something I read into it?

TIM: Yeah, that's pretty much what it says. "When you give yourself, not loving me." It means what you said. And there are more classical derivations of the same basic meaning. Well, dig: How unsatisfied and how funny you would feel, man, if you were a chick, and you pretended to come while you were masturbating. Is that? . . . Is that? . . . I mean, not only is that once . . . But it's twice.

EMMETT: Have you evn gone in for meditation? meditation?

TIM: No, I never could do it. I don't know how to do it, or somethin', I guess. Ah, do you just sit th . . . I don't know how t . . . Just sit there . . . I don't know what it means, I guess. I must be too lazy to do it, you know? To do it, to really do it, so it makes . . . So you really get off behind it. Just the fact that there are cats who sit in one place and eat wafers that people leave for them, and nobody knows when they eat 'em, even, and they just sit there for six years, you know, and all they're doing is growing their beard, you know . . . Wow. That kind a thing, to me, goes along with . . . I kinda dig it. It does the same thing to my mind as ghosts. Whenever anybody mentions a ghost story that's supposed to be true, you know, ah . . .

(Interruption. Act Three, Scene Two)

TIM: All that I can really do, man, that is of value to anyone, is sing and play. Including what we're doing right now. Well, maybe what I'm saying could be of value just because I'm saying it while we're doing what we're doing. And I don't know how I do that. It kind of mystifies me. It's intuitively done. I just sit down and I write the poetry. I sit down with a pencil and some paper. Not that I particularly feel like writing. Just to do something. And then for some reason a song, or just a poem starts coming. I get a line, maybe, you know, and maybe the meter, maybe just the rhythm will make the next word come out. I can't sit down and figure out a song. It's just totally intuitively done. It's just really hard for me to consciously, objectively . . . There's another word I'm

the hanged man

PART I

The generation gap in our country is not a modern occurrence. History tells us of other such happenings over a period of 51 odd years dating back to 1918. Each gap is preceded by disillusionment and followed by a flurry of progresiveness in science, art, economics and moral behaviour. It is a youthful happening: both a total disassociation from an older authority and an involvement in the search for identity and substance. Nothing occurs with such rapidity and yet goes without notice for so long until a great lack of communication hardens between the youth who rebel and the older generation which stands firm. The rebellion itself is never a minor one and brings with it a certain confrontation with chaos and the responsibilities of its new found freedoms. History shows that in comparison to the other eras, it occurs mainly in good times and is short-lived, but its effects never really die.

After World War I had ended, the war that was to make the world safe for democracy degenerated into a jealous race for the spoils of victory. President Wilson, always the idealist, always the man who learned more from books than from any personal contacts, walked into the treaty conference at Paris at a total disadvantage. The critics at home, who had been silent during the war years because they believed it unpatriotic to argue with the President during a time of national emergency, rose up against his idealism—calling him a radical at heart who stayed out of the fight too long and a danger to the capitalistic ways of life in the United States. At Versailles, Wilson met with the lions of the double deal, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Orlando and the rest of the European menagerie, and was almost torn apart at the ensuing conference. At first, the victors demanded great portions of the German, Austrian, and Turkish Empires, but Wilson fought them on every suggestion that they advanced. He forced Clemenceau to modify his demands for German territory and Italy to accept less land than she wanted. Again and again, he prevented territories from being parceled out without regard to their inhabitants and he pushed through his ideas for a League of Nations. Wilson tried but he failed. The map of Europe was changed for the worse, not the better, and the stage was set for World War II.

Wilson's idealism, once he had set foot again on American soil, turned to sentimentality. In his speeches to the American public, he pictured the conference at Versailles as a labor of love among great leaders whose only thoughts were for a lasting and secure peace. More often than not, he became blinded to the realities at hand. The American public, which he had guided during the war years like a puritanical schoolmaster, was changing. The lessons to be learned, the success that was to be obtained by victory, had not come. Wilson had brought back a peace that gave nothing to the United States for their share of the sacrifice except more entanglements in the world's foreign affairs. An age, which this statesman had once known to be filled with the old moralities, properties and more than enough shinning white knight sitting astride their plush white thoroughbreds was coming to an end.

The end to this era was never illustrated better than in America's younger generation. Most of them had come home from war disillusioned and maimed both physically and spiritually. They had come home to a land that was now showing signs of fear and hostility among its own people. The Red Scare had clouded the land. Bolsheviks and anarchists were imagined to be everywhere. The country had cried for blood for so long, it could not stop now or settle into a peaceful mood. As congressmen had found that it was now time to disagree with the President and his policies, so had labor found it high time to strike against Capital because of low wages and long hours. It was estimated that by 1919, at least two million or more workers were on strike.

The young, at first, disembarking from their Liberty Ships to the tune of "When Johnny comes marching home again," found themselves in a land still racked with the old hatreds and jealousies. They met with unemployment, frustration and bitterness. Old laws, which were created out of the war era, like the Sedition Act, were being used to put down any meeting that smelled of radicalism and to deport any aliens who were not above the taint of communism. Racial tension also was at an all time high. Negroes, during the war years and after, had moved up to the industrial North, by the hundreds of thousands and were being packed into small areas with other immigrants who had flooded into the new country. Tensions ran high, until one afternoon in Chicago, they exploded into a week of bloodshed and riot in a Negro area of the city. It was also a time of bomb threats and labor parades, of illegal raids by men of Attorney-General Palmer against unsuspecting people with socialist leanings and of the infamous Sacco and Vanzetti.

It was also a time for pure-Americanism and the resurrection of the Klu-Klux-Klan. In 1915, when the Klan had been organized by Colonel William Joseph Simmons, it had few members it could call its own. By 1924, under a publicity program of hatred and violence, guided by a man named Edward Y. Clarke of the Southern Publicity As-

(Continued on Page 21)

by Don Katzman



AFTER YEARS OF INTENSIVE RESEARCH, WE HAVE OBSERVED CERTAIN PATTERNS IN THE SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND OF THE AMERICAN MALE. THRU A CAMPAIGN OF SUBLIMINAL SUGGESTION CARRIED OUT AT THE CORRECT MOMENT BY OUR INFILTRATORS IN THE MASS MEDIA WE SHALL REDUCE THE MALE POPULATION TO DROOLING GROVELING FOOT SLAVES

CHART A

AS WE LEFT YOU LAST WEEK THE WOMAN POWER CONSPIRACY WAS REFERRING TO CHART A

YOU'LL JUST ADORE THIS FRILLY PUMP OR HOW ABOUT A HAPPY LITTLE STRAPY...

TRY A TEMPTING LITTLE TEL-STRAP YUM YUM

LIKK IT

THE CORRECT MOMENT

OH MOAN! I JUST CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER

M-M-M-M IT'S GOOD

SHRP SHRP

THESE ACTS OF PROFUGACY MUST CEASE. STIFFER PENALTIES MUST BE IMPOSED. THE TIME HAS COME TO PUNISH...

DEBATE WAS TAKEN UP IN THE HALLOWED HALLS OF CONGRESS

IN ORDER TO PUT AN END TO THESE OUTRAGES CONGRESS PASSED THE PERVERT ACT OF 1971 PROVIDING FOR ACCEPTABLE FOOTWEAR AS DEPICTED ABOVE AND STIFF PENALTIES FOR SHOE SLURPING

3A

PROFLIGATE COMIX
 WRITTEN BY **ALGERNON BRKWASH**
 DRAWN BY **M. RODRIGUEZ**

THE BATTLE STILL RAGES

BANG

BRATA BRATA

AND IN A CORNER OF THE BATTLEFIELD **QUEEA QUEEA** FIGHTS ON

WE'RE SURROUNDED CHIEF LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS

SUDENLY ITS

VERONICA and ANARCHIE

BRATABRATABRAT

INSTANT PROLETARIAN VENGEANCE

WROOOOOOM

THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE

C'MON GUYS LETS GET THE FUXK OUTTA HERE

FRENCH TICKLERS

Did you know 95% of the men in the U.S. has at one time or another heard of French Ticklers? But only about 5% has seen or used them. Reason? They were hard to find, or outlawed. We have them. You will love them. Buy direct and save. \$1.50 each; 4 for \$5.00; \$10.00 a dozen. Introducing the all new "Hippy" Sunflower French Tickler \$2.00 each. Safe and wild - Dealers invited - Mail only. We have to sell them as a novelty only.

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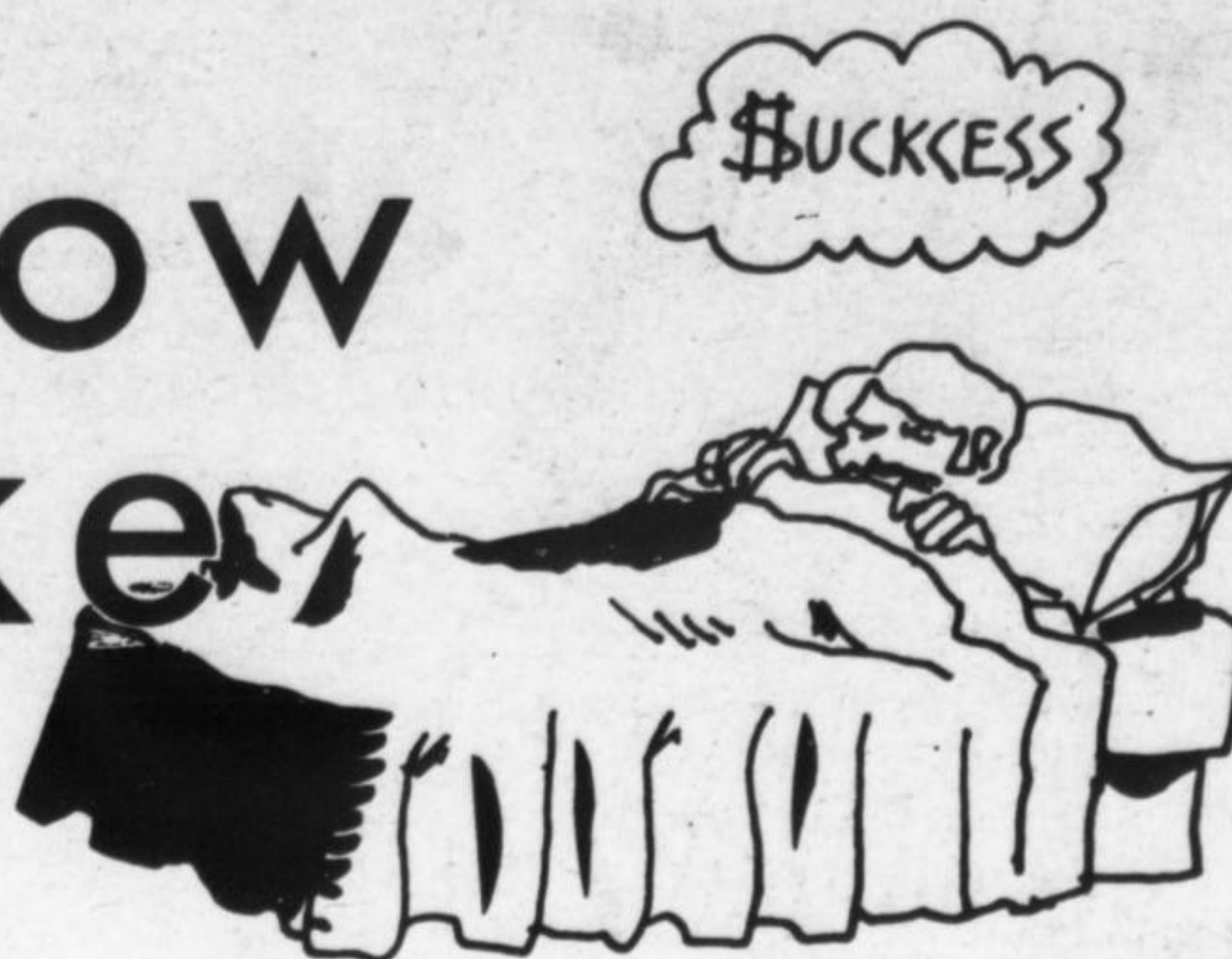
MEN ONLY

GOING SOFT TOO SOON?

It took a smart person to create it. A doctor to recommend, and us to sell it. When you go down, it stays up. Hard to beat. \$12.00. Reuseable. Show this ad to an old friend. He will always be grateful. For more information send \$1.00 (refundable on first order). Mail only.

JOHNSON
 Box 171
 80 Riverside Dr., N.Y.C. 10024

THE SEEN and how to make it



NO. 1. BE COMPETITIVE. BE AGGRESSIVE.

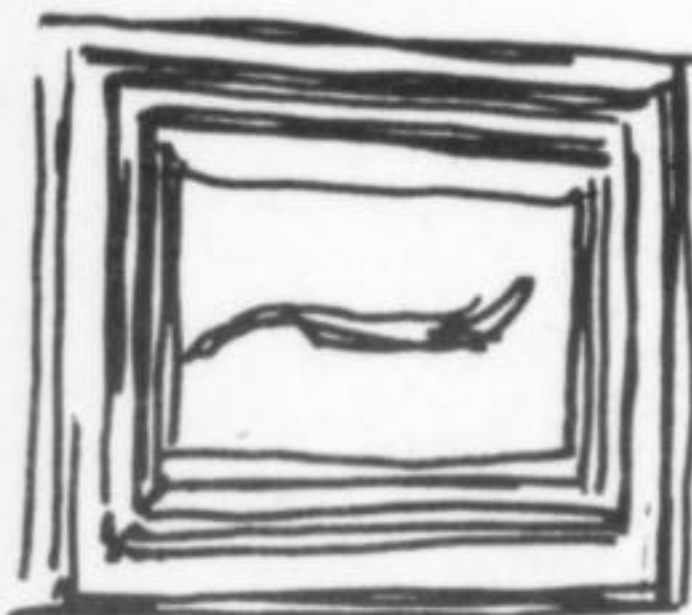
If you can't narrow your mind and sharpen your drive, you might just as well go back to Des Moines.

NO. 2. HAVE NEITHER A COMPARATIVE NOR AN OBJECTIVE VIEW OF YOUR CONTEMPORARIES' WORK.

To admit that another's work may, perhaps, have something to say is akin to the conscious contemplation of your death wish.

NO. 3. DON'T BE TOO DISCOURAGED IF YOU'RE NOT TOO BRIGHT.

Intelligence and sensitivity, if not thoroughly controlled can be more of a liability than an asset. To make the scene one needs to show SOME talent, but genius should be carefully disguised.



NO. 4.

GET YOURSELF AN ANGLE . . . NO, A GIMMICK. (LET'S CALL A SPADE A SPADE.)

In order that you may be distinguished from others, it will be necessary for you to project an image-idea, e.g. Mondrian and Albers were squares. You could, for instance, be feathers. Do feather paintings . . . feather happenings . . . make feather music . . . feather movies . . . feather poems. You could even re-invent the quill to write them with.

Moreover, make sure you have a simple minded and contemporary rationalization for your choice. Like — "feathers are symbolic of man's alienation (a good word) from God." Throw in a little of the Icarus stuff . . . (classical analogies show depth in your education) . . . and for good measure, drop in a dollop of the psychedelic — something like feathers being "a gentle and enlightened re-entry . . . symbolic of a good trip through the stations of the Bardo's."

NO. 5. NEVER SPEND MORE THAN 20% OF YOUR TIME IN CREATIVE ACTIVITIES.

Any more than this is time wasted . . . time that could be better spent in image creation. Creating your own image is the most important and creative part of making the scene.

NO. 6. SPEND ALL YOUR SLEEPING TIME IN DREAMING OF MAKING THE SCENE.

This is a sure indication of your progress. When your every dream deals with the positive aspects of success you can wake assured that all your faculties are working in synchronization and for the attainment of your ends.



NO. 7. YOUR IMAGE SHOULD SHINE BRIGHTER THAN YOUR WORK.

The moment you have created a masterwork, (everything you create is a masterwork) you must send out full P.R. material to all media. The kit should include several glossy 8x10 photographs of the masterwork . . . several glossy 8x10 photographs of yourself . . . a description of the work . . . its philosophy, its symbolism and its price. Also an autobiographical sketch of your life to date, and a generous list of the times when you will be available for interview.

Make follow-up telephone calls within 24 hours of the media receiving the Kit and continue making telephone calls, at 48 hours intervals, until you obtain some satisfaction.

Better still, get to know people in the media personally. Pay them short visits. Be charming. Always lay something on them. Above all, make them feel you're doing them a favour. Tell them that "this will fit in well with what you're doing now." Remember, every editor is occupationally insecure, having to keep up with an illusory present, so play on his insecurity.

NO. 8. NEVER SAY NO.

If you're commissioned to do something you've never done before and which you feel you can't do anyway — do it. The chances are that whoever has got as far as commissioning you won't know the difference anyway. When you get the job keep him thoroughly informed on your progress — tho' he should never be allowed to actually see the work in progress — and always, even though you are in the very depths of despair, keep telling him how great it is . . . your finest work to date. Keep this up and when the time comes for you to produce the work he will be thoroughly brainwashed.

NO. 9. BE REASONABLY "FAR OUT" BUT NEVER INVISIBLE.

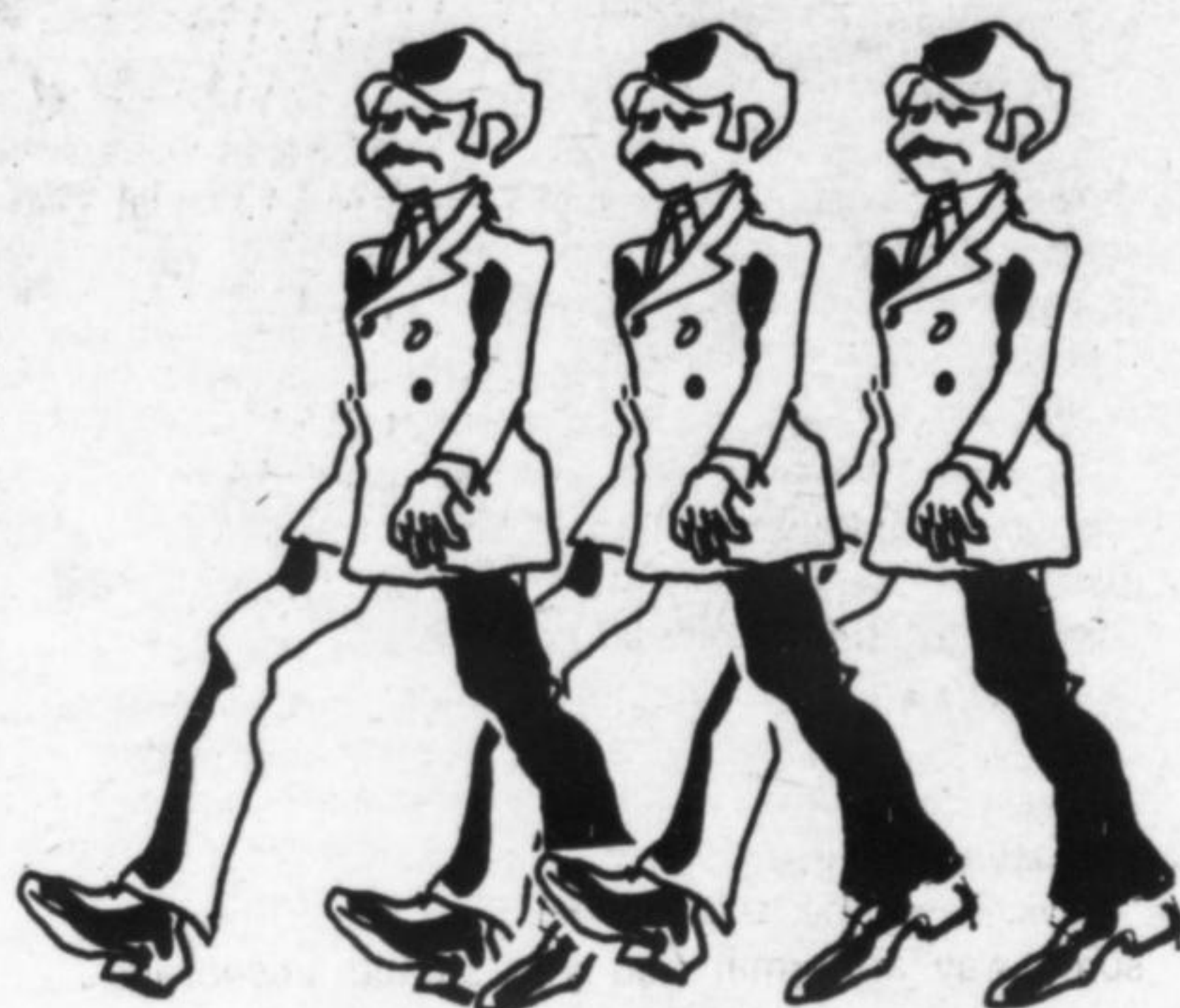
To be an avant garde artist one needs to be two steps ahead of the establishment but never in the avant garde of the avant garde. In this latter position you will be outside all frames of reference — critics will regard you as an eccentric — the public as a madman — and even perhaps, as an anarchist.

Remember, people secretly love a rebel and openly hate a revolutionary. In other words you can make a few ripples but don't, for God's sake, rock the boat.

NO. 10. THERE IS NO COPYRIGHT ON IDEAS, SO JOIN A MOVEMENT.

The object of being part of a movement is that there is conviction in numbers. Critics think this way. If twenty choreographers are all working on ballets for paraplegics then it must mean something.

Another advantage to movements is that it makes it easy and honorable to steal from your contemporaries.



NO. 11. IT'S AN ILL WIND FOR WHO HAS NO WEATHER FORECAST.

Heraclitus once said, "Swing with the changes, baby." If you wish to keep your position in the scene you must keep your finger on where things are at. Many a great avant-gardist, too absorbed in production has, on raising his eyes to the scene, suddenly discovered that he is an academician.

This is particularly important today when the winds change with the frequency of women's styles. Indeed, women's styles are one of many good indicators as to where it is going. Other standards are the stock exchange and politics.

But other indicators are more subtle. As an aid to deciphering these, it is a good plan to keep a high school graduate around. They always know where it's at.



NO. 12. IF A JOB'S WORTH DOING, DO IT FOR MONEY — OR PUBLICITY.

With regard to remuneration. Your starting price for any job should be the top market price. However, always be prepared to undercut a competitor. People who are prepared to pay thousands are always impressed if they get it for 50c less than they budgeted for. But never, repeat never, do anything for a "ridiculously small" price.

If they simply can't afford your price, but there's good publicity to be gained, do it for that.

Also, be absolutely sure that they are indebted to you for the favor.

Remember, success is only measurable in three ways.

1. In Dollars.
2. In Column inches.
3. In public approbation.

Any of the three is good, but a full house is better.

NO. 13. HE WHO LAUGHS AT HIMSELF LAUGHS ALONE.

Never be flippant or display any sense of humor over your own work. Your patron and your public take "art" very seriously. It's a bit of a religion with them in fact. If you can't treat your work with deathly seriousness they feel that there's no reason why they should either.

There never was a prophet with a sense of humor, so don't try and be the first.



NO. 14. PRACTICE WHAT YOU MAKE.

Dress. A little eccentricity in your way of life can help in supplementing your art. If patrons thought that artists were just plain folk like themselves they would buy their art works at Lord & Taylors. Dress casually and sometimes a little flamboyantly. Jewelry of a masculine variety is acceptable but stay away from earrings.

Opinions. As an avant-gardist, it is expected that your opinions will be a little radical, so don't dissappoint them. It's O.K. to talk about the short comings of the Capitalist system but don't, for heavens sake advocate any radical alternatives. As said before, the establishment likes its petty outrages but don't tip it off that the Apocalypse is close at hand.

Sex. It will be assumed that your sex life is in some way abnormal and you should encourage your public to think this way. If it isn't you should act as if it is. The public tolerates greater freedom in sex than in any other field, but their tolerance does have its limitations. For instance it's fine to be a raving queen, but don't ever get caught in a morgue making love to a corpse.



Conversation, is perhaps your most potent weapon. For many people the effort to look and understand requires more mental energy than they are capable of generating. Therefore, communication is best established and directed when you're talking and they're sitting back and listening. Semantics must be discarded. The word must be the thing.

Also, no matter what the conversation is, it must be brought round to yourself. It's not easy to go from the dialectics of egolessness to your needing \$10,000 to make a film, but it can be done.

Appear brilliant. Every intellectual platitude can, with the right packaging, sound like an illumination.

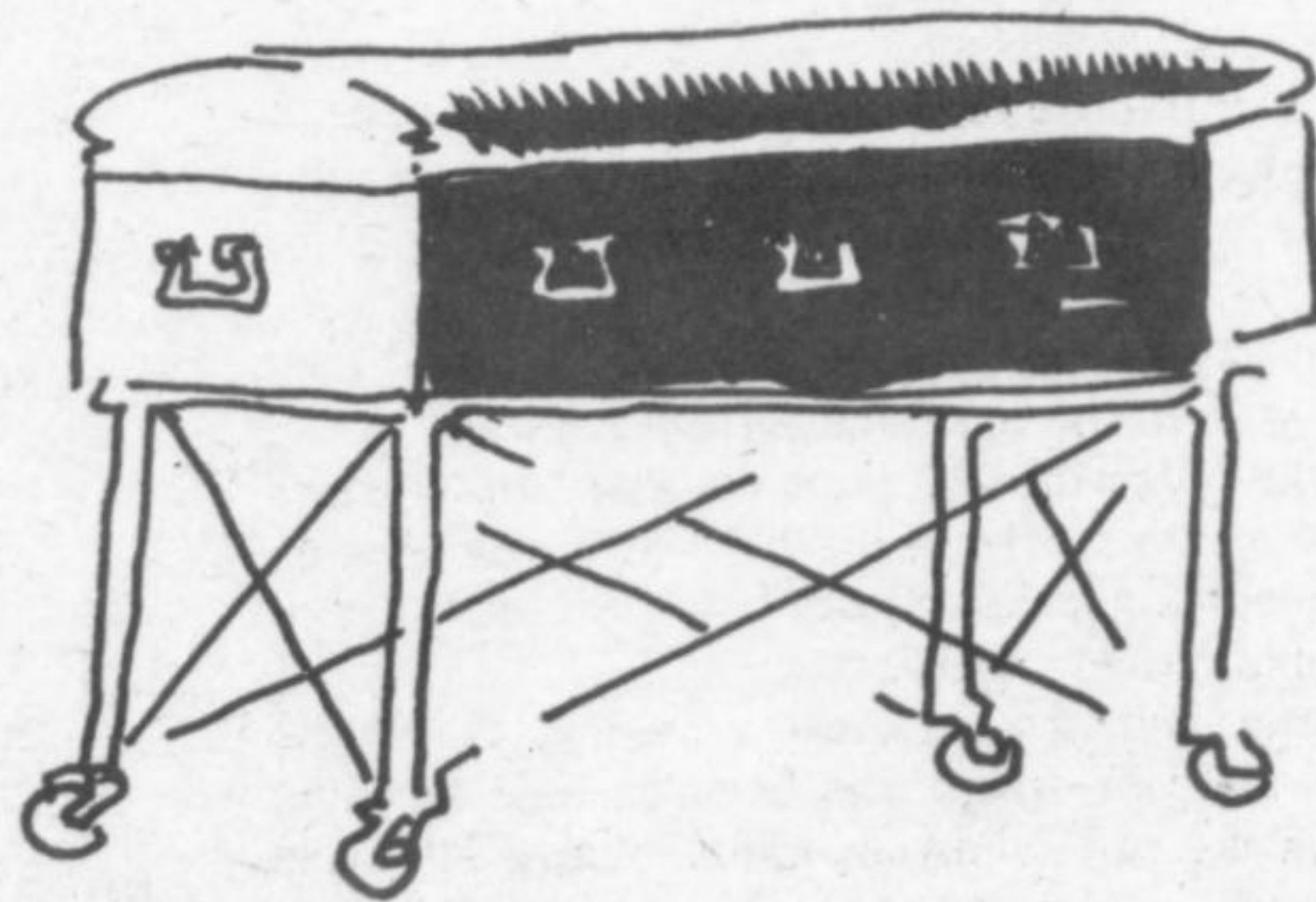
Environment. If you reside in the city, live in a superloft. If in the country, a renovated barn. Keep your living quarters spotless, and your studio area in slight disorder — even if it bugs you. But never of course, let it be chaotic. Never have anything around that is not unique. This includes everything from the kitchen table to your recordings.



Children. Never have any children. Neither you nor your wife will have any time to devote to them and children who don't get any attention are a liability and a pain in the arse both for you and everyone else. If, through an accident of nature, you do have them, get them adopted or send them out to boarding school.



Friends. The general rule for friends is the same as for your wife — don't get emotionally involved. When choosing your friends you should first ask yourself this question: "What can they do for me?" Can they give you money?



Can they introduce you to people who have money?

Can they open other doors for you like introducing you to the media, critics, the Directors of Foundations, etc. If they can't do any of these things — drop them.

NO. 15. PERSONAL LIFE.

Your wife. Be sure to have an attractive wife and/or mistress. People like it if you're part of "such a nice couple." The girl should be broad-minded, have your interests at heart and be prepared to whore for you when necessary. Never be sentimental or emotionally involved with her in any way. She will sooner or later have to be discarded for a new model.

The Rich. Cultivate the rich no matter how obnoxious they may be. It is from them that all blessings flow. Frequent their parties. Laugh at their jokes. Weep with their distress. If you think money when you eat shit, it doesn't taste so bad. When you begin to feel a little impatient with them remember that without the rich there would be no scene. They are the ultimate arbiters of the toys and status objects you manufacture. Their seal of approval on your work is as good, if not better than money in the bank. And — the fashions in the art industry change with the taste of the Rockefellers. Keep in touch with them.



NO. 16. THERE ARE NO SMILES AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER — ONLY GRIM FACES.

When you are at the top you are at your most vulnerable. In the first place there isn't much room, in the second, it's very precarious. Everyone on the ladder is a competitor so don't let vanity get the better of you and start helping people with more talent and potential than you yourself have. Wear spiked boots and never forget how YOU made it.



NO. 17. FINAL WORDS OF ADVICE.

Don't have any romantic ideas about making the scene. It's really a regular type job like selling shoes or running a service station.

Get yourself a slave to do your dirty work, but make sure that his only ambition is your continued success.

Never ever discuss your doubts and failures — not even with your wife.

Invest wisely and hire a good accountant.



pop, rock & jelly

by Jules Freedmond



Coming over from the Au Go Go for the second show at the Fillmore last Friday and for Christ's sake, the streets are almost empty. Some sullen looking black cats hangin' around under the street lamps and a few white kids with black armbands. "Wow, I think half of 'em are wearing those arm bands just for identification—you know, dig me: I'm a soul brother—for when the shooting starts." "Yeah," the girl next to me says, "and all those people at the demonstration this afternoon—maybe 70% of them white." And then this guy in back of us, sort of shabby, black, and in his late 40's says: "Our demonstration's gonna be tomorrow, whitey . . . tomorrow."

So that nervous now we find a cab and ride through a deserted Village down to Second Ave. 11:30 and the Who are in the middle of what will be their only set for the evening—a long set begun at 11 p.m. and running on for maybe an hour and a half. Roger Daltry is moving back and forth across the stage, swinging the mike by its cord in great, long, looping arcs. Peter Townsend stands there in his ruffled torreador outfit—moving from pose to pose, right arm circling over his head and down to strum a chord, then arms out and his body going down into a split. The sound is deafening and everyone is moving in their seats in time to the beat. If a rifle went off outside, no

one here would know until they read about it the next day in the papers.

The Who stop and Townsend announces that they will only be able to play this one set as they still don't have a hotel for the night. Meanwhile the Fillmore has begun to get crowded as people come for the second show join those still here from the first. Everyone is upright: rumors of "Chicago's burning" and "Detroit's gone" move down the aisles as quickly as the ushers trying to get people away from the stage.

The group moves into a long and explosive **My Generation** which has Daltry banging on the cymbals with his mike and Townsend going into long fuzz-tone solo lines. By the end, the audience is leaning out of their seats as Townsend takes his guitar and begins teasing it against one of the giant amps. He pushes it through the amp and people are standing up to watch as he knocks the amp over, jabs into it with a mike stand, kicks at it and then kneels down to tear the fabric covering away from the speakers.

The audience is silent, standing now as the drums and bass and amplified sound of electronic equipment being destroyed fills the hall. Townsend snaps the strings off the guitar, walks over to play around with the amp controls and pedals, destroys a wah-wah pedal and then begins to juggle the guitar back and forth in his hands. Outside, the city can explode at any minute . . . but here, the

audience is involved in its own destruction—a highly ritualized symbolic destruction of New York as Peter Townsend meticulously smashes his equipment to pieces for us. The tension grows, he looks up, smiles, throws the guitar out into the audience and walks off. Keith Moon kicks over his drums and now everyone is screaming—he throws his sticks at the crowd and walks off with Daltry and Entwistle and the audience is screaming . . . screaming for more.

The lights go on and most of the audience gets up to leave—anything short of a riot would be anti-climatic now. The second set begins with the Free Spirits playing jazz-rock to a handful of people. They are having trouble with their new amps and pick-ups and run through their numbers quickly with no extended solo lines and no real fire. The audience isn't digging it and they're obviously not digging it themselves. Finally they go into a two drum duet that seems to on and on and on. Tenor Jim Pepper leaves the stage—still trying to adjust the pick-up mike on his sax—then the rest of the group leaves and finally the drums stop and it's all over—the stage is empty.

Buddy Guy comes out with his West Side Chicago all black blues band. No big amps or fancy outfits now—just two big tenor saxes in 1950's pleated, pegged pants and waist length zipper jackets. This isn't the Apollo, baby: the drummer is a round faced young man in a

boat-neck sweater, the bassist is wearing shades and Marcel'd hair, and Buddy Guy just stands there with his battered guitar-looking very tired and a little sad and obviously not wanting to be there.

Guy is one of the younger Chicago black blues singers around. He's played his dues working cheap bars all over Chicago's West Side with groups like Howlin' Wolf and Otis Rush. And while those same streets were exploding into a running battle with cops and Guardsmen, Buddy Guy was playing the blues, his blues, to a mostly white audience in New York City and not holding anything back. "Do you want to hear the blues? Well, let me hear you say YEAH!" And the audience beginning to smile: "yeah." "Well, I can't hear you!" And he stops the band. "Let me hear you say YEAH!" And the audience clapping their hands "YEAH!"

Guy sang and played standing up, lying down, and jumping around all over the stage. Whatever he did, whatever he played, it was with an absolutely incredible sense of authority. Trading four bar breaks with the saxophones or rubbing the guitar against his leg for chords, he was playing blues, not playing at the blues. And the audience caught it . . . wouldn't let him stop and screamed "YEAH YEAH, YEAH!" when the Joshua Light Show flashed MORE on the screen. Guy has a new LP out now on Vanguard:

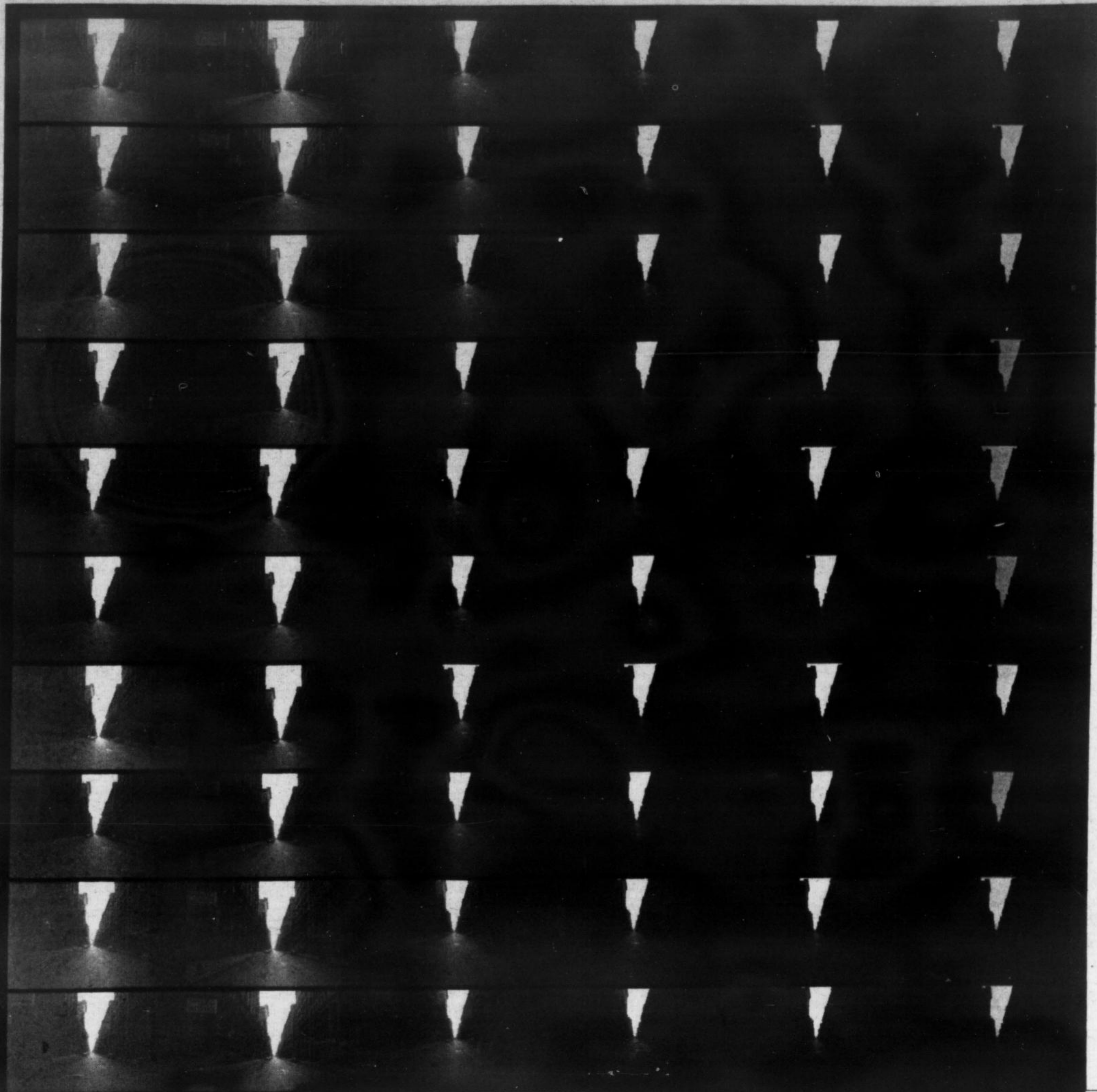
A Man And The Blues. I haven't heard it yet, but if it's anywhere near as good as his show at the Fillmore last weekend, than it's just gotta be out of sight.

My information on the San Francisco rock scene is apparently a little hazy and things are not what they seem to be on the Coast. The word is out that Chet Helm's Avalon Ballroom is doing very badly now—both in terms of audience response and in terms of flat, economic realities. Graham is supporting the Fillmore there with massive concerts at the gigantic Winterland Ballroom. And the Straight Theatre is supposed to be going through some difficult changes in regard to both its management and booking policies.

One of the major problems facing the whole rock scene now might be that the new stars are pricing themselves out of the old rock ballrooms. After Butterfield came back to Chicago from his big successes on the Coast, the clubs he'd been playing in couldn't afford to book him at his new price without charging incredibly high covers. What happens when the Avalon can't afford him and the other groups that came out of the San Francisco and Chicago undergrounds? A small hall can't pay staff and maintenance for a show unless it can make back the price on its entertainment and maintain its audience.

Now that some of the groups have become famous nationally, the mass audience will pay to hear them—even if it means going to expensive and overcrowded concerts. The groups want more money, the clubs can't pay for them without raising their prices, and not enough people want to hear the still unknown or new local bands to support the small clubs and ballrooms. This whole thing happened with jazz in the early 60's . . . and there are very few cheap places to hear jazz any more . . . very few places period. Hopefully, the rock

(Continued on Page 15)



Number Four (November)

It was that dim afternoon
 I thought my mouth
 lower jaw and cheek had fallen
 to the barroom floor,
 (nothing falling is beautiful, a famous artist
 once said)
 I must have had that look
 because I looked for my face on the floor
 and Johanna told me it wasn't there.

Number 5 - December

Nobody knows me
 when I go round
 late at night
 scratching on windows
 & whispering in hallways
 looking for someone
 who loves me in the daytime
 to take me in
 at night

Felix of the Silent Forest

THE POETS PRESS

New York

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE HAIGHT ASHBURY EMPIRE!

BY JOEL BECK

FIRST THERE WAS "MILT," WHO DIED SLOWLEY OF AN INCURABLE EXTREME CASE OF ADVANCED... **HIPPIE GUILT!**

A WARNING TO ALL WHO SUCCEEDS IN MAKING A FORTUNE OFF OF **PSYCHEDELIC BEADS!**

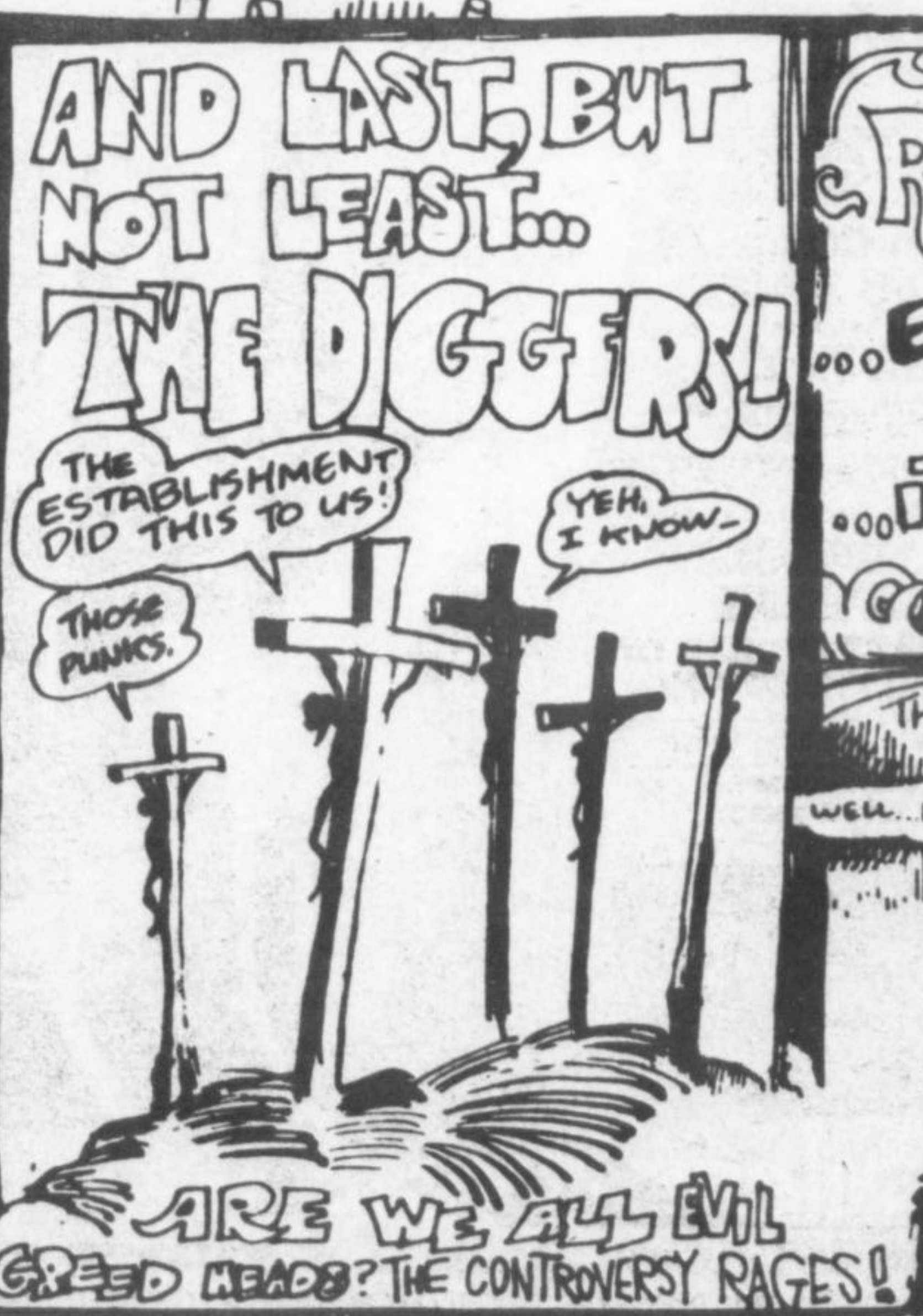
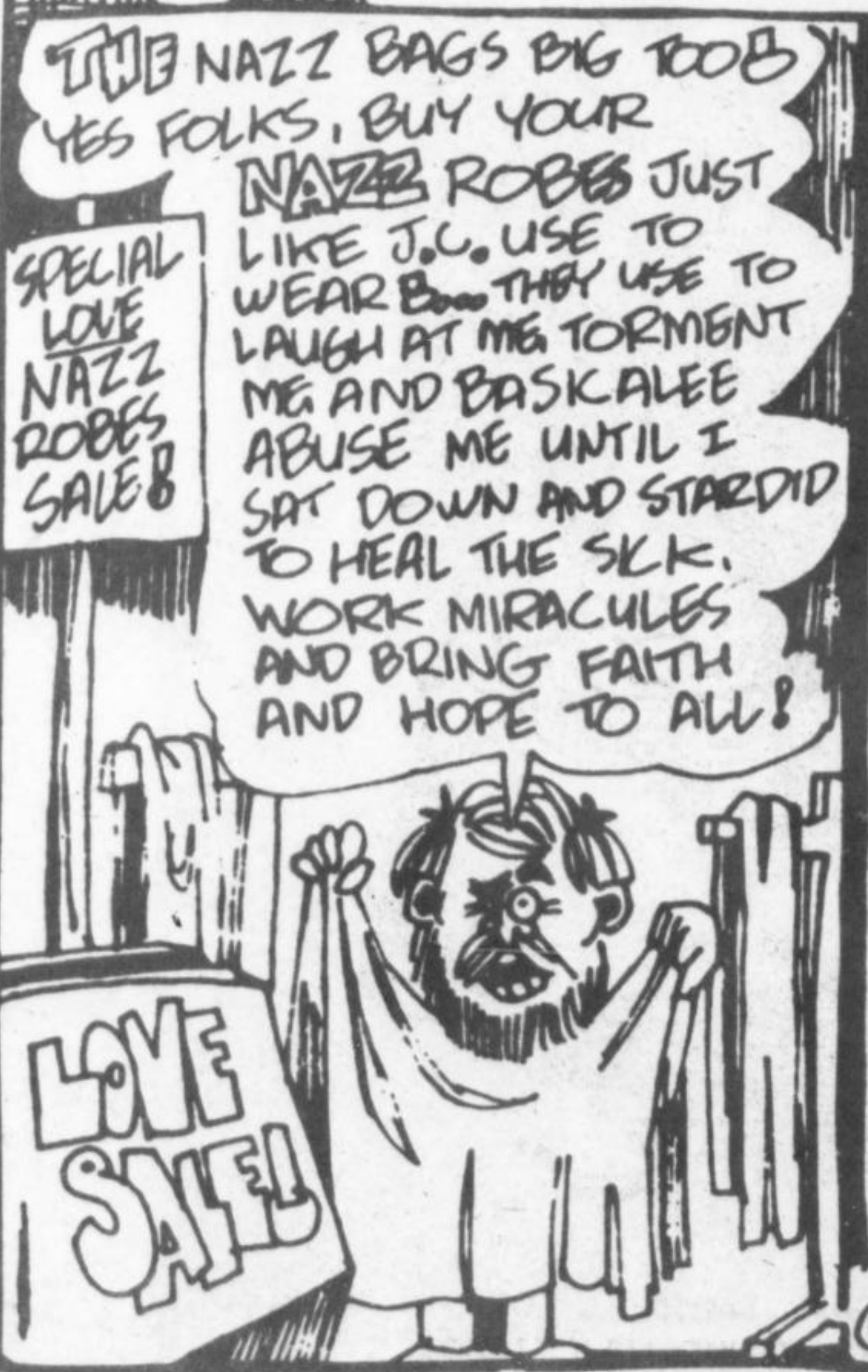


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WHO HAD THE FORE-SIGHT, THE CAPITAL, AND THE WILL!



scene won't end up in a chic and expensive night club—smothered to death by overdressed booking agents and managers and record company executives.

This whole week looks to be very heavy indeed. Ian and Silvia are playing at the Cafe u Go Go through the 14th, followed by the Steve Miller Blues Band. Chuck Berry and B. B. King are at Generation through the 14th, followed by Sly and The Family Stone and the Youngbloods. Linda Ronstadt and the Stone Poneys are uptown at Cheetah. The Chambers Brothers are workin' out at the Electric Circus through the 21st. And the Serendipity Singers are at the Bitter End along with (Mr. Bojangles) Jerry Jeff Walker—I caught him briefly last week and can only say that he's very good and worth seeing live.

Briefly, if you're into jazz: John Handy is appearing nightly at the Dom on St. Marks Place. Archie Shepp will bring a septet into the McMillin Theatre (116th & Bdwy) at 5 p.m. this Sunday; tickets are \$2.50 and seats are not reserved so get there early. And Friday and Saturday, Sun Ra will give forth with his Space Arkestra at Carnegie Hall starting at 8:30 p.m. Say the ads: 17 musicians, 60 instruments, 14 projectors, etc. Says me: It looks to be a groove . . . even if you're not "into" jazz.

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band will headline this weekend at the Fillmore East along with the Charles Lloyd Quartet and Tom Rush; next week—The Mothers of Invention and James Cotton. American singer Jon Higgins will do a concert of Southern Indian "Carnatic" vocal music this Friday and Saturday at the Barbizon Plaza Theatre (106 Central Park South) at 8 p.m.; he will be accompanied by South Indian musicians on violin, mridangam and kanjira. And the Electric Circus will present an Electric Easter from the 14th through the 17th at 7:30 p.m. at the Circus; the shows will apparently team the Chambers Brothers with the New York Pro Musica . . . I can say no more.

john fahey
guitar
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PP'S (Continued from Page 6)

BUFFALO, N.Y., Apr. 3 (LIBERATION News Service) — Martin Sostre, a leader of the *Black Liberation Movement* in Buffalo, was sentenced to 31 to 41 years in prison on narcotics and assault charges. Sostre claims that the court action is a frame-up and a racist attempt to make him a scapegoat for black rebellion.

The very harsh sentence came after Sostre had been imprisoned for eight months, since the black rebellion in Buffalo in June 1967. He was held on bail he considered excessively high—first \$50,000 and then \$12,500.

In addition, Sostre was given a 30-day contempt of court sentence after he asked for an "unbiased judge" at his pre-trial hearing Mar. 14. At that hearing, Sostre was finally gagged and handcuffed in an attempt by the judge to silence his claims of an unfair trial.

Sostre is now being held at Greenhaven prison in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. He is working on an appeal.

(From a story in *Workers World*).

ATLANTA, Apr. 3 (LIBERATION News Service) — The Georgia State Senate has passed a unanimous resolution honoring the late "King of Soul," Otis Redding of Macon, Ga. The senators praised Redding as one "who rose from poverty and obscurity to become

one of the most famous entertainers in the United States." Redding died Dec. 10, 1967, when his private plane crashed in Lake Monona, Wis.

COPENHAGEN, Apr. 3 (LIBERATION News Service — International Communications Network) — Following H. Rap Brown's confinement in a Louisiana jail and his hunger strike, a demonstration took place in Copenhagen Mar. 23, Dale Smith, a Denmark resident and the European representative of the *Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC)*, organized the protest. About 30 persons attended the protest, which was held in front of the U.S. Embassy.

After a statement and a letter from Brown were read, a short dispute developed with a policeman, who would not allow any demonstrators to cross the street to the Embassy side. However, a few defied the prohibition, but at the entrance of the Embassy they were told by a doorkeeper that the building was closed.

Later, most of the group gathered at a private home to prepare statements for the press and protest telegrams to be sent to the White House and to Attorney Gen. Ramsey Clark.

Demonstration are planned for Oslo, Stockholm and several Italian cities to protest what Smith called "American racism, imperialism and capitalism."



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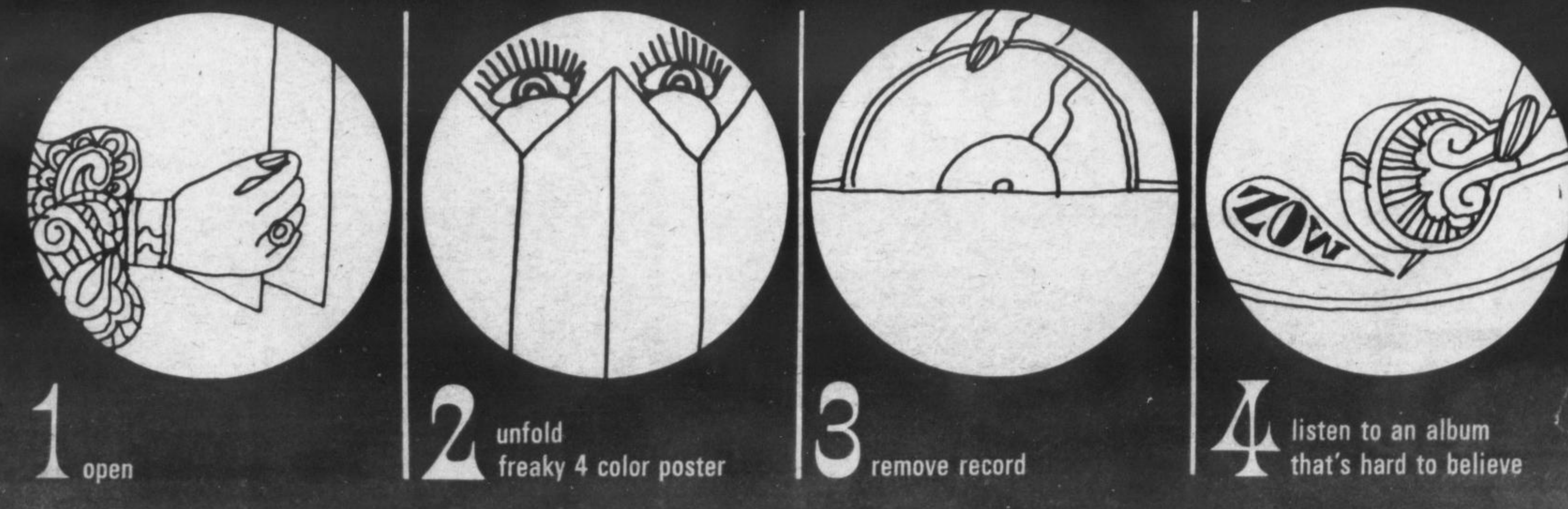
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EGO EGO

(Continued from Page 7)

looking for . . . uh . . . premeditate: That applies a little bit . . . Everything is do it like an impulse.

EMMETT: Did you serve a full hitch in the Marine Corps?

TIM: Yeah. I couldn't even be there today, but at the time, I actually dug it. People don't believe it. But I actually dug it. Incredible as it may seem.

EMMETT: I don't feel like much of an interviewer today.

TIM: I'm not much of an interviewee. I think you ought to try to write about what you think of me . . . You know, how I appear to you.

O. K. Tim Hardin. I think you have the courage of despair. Some people think you're crying into your beer. I think words are nothing, nowhere, in an attempt to describe the impact of your voice and your songs. I think the words of your songs are ambiguous to the eye — in print — but a balm to the soul, to the ear. I think your voicing of the universal longing for perfection is a jewel in a night of scratchy crawly poisonous treacherous things. I think your songs are songs. Not protests, not poems, not melodic prose. Your songs reach out. And in. They touch me, my cat is barfing behind the refrigerator and still the thought of the love and sunshine to be had by sticking that needle connected to that arm that goes through those tubes and lights up and makes music Beautiful is an overworked word, but it still means the way you sing and play. The smell of cat barf does not in-

vade the aura of you and youth that pulses with a blood-pulse when TIM HARDIN ONE is spinning under the diamond needle.


TIM: What did you say? Did you say something?

EMMETT: Nothing of any consequence, no.

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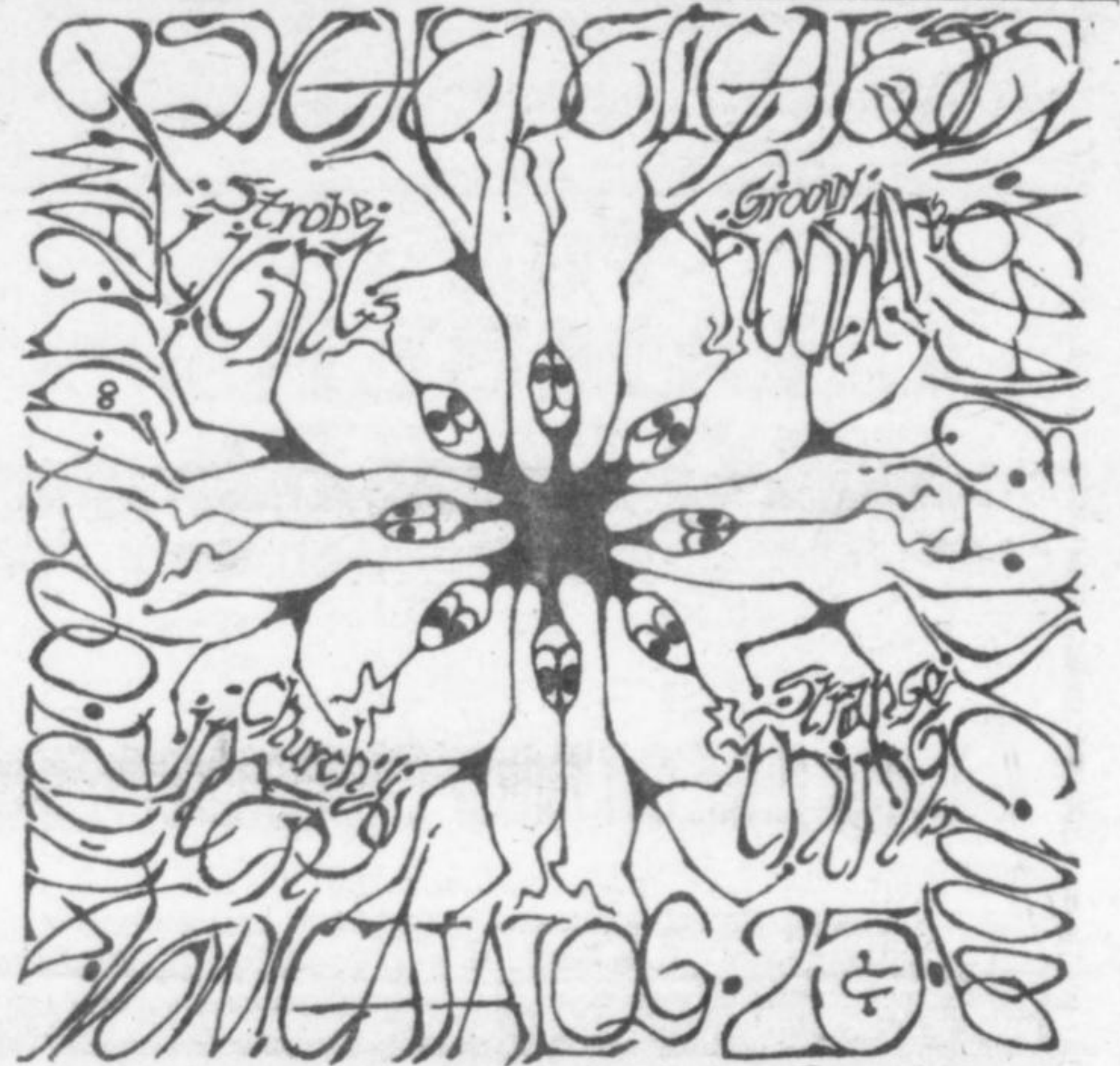

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TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS**



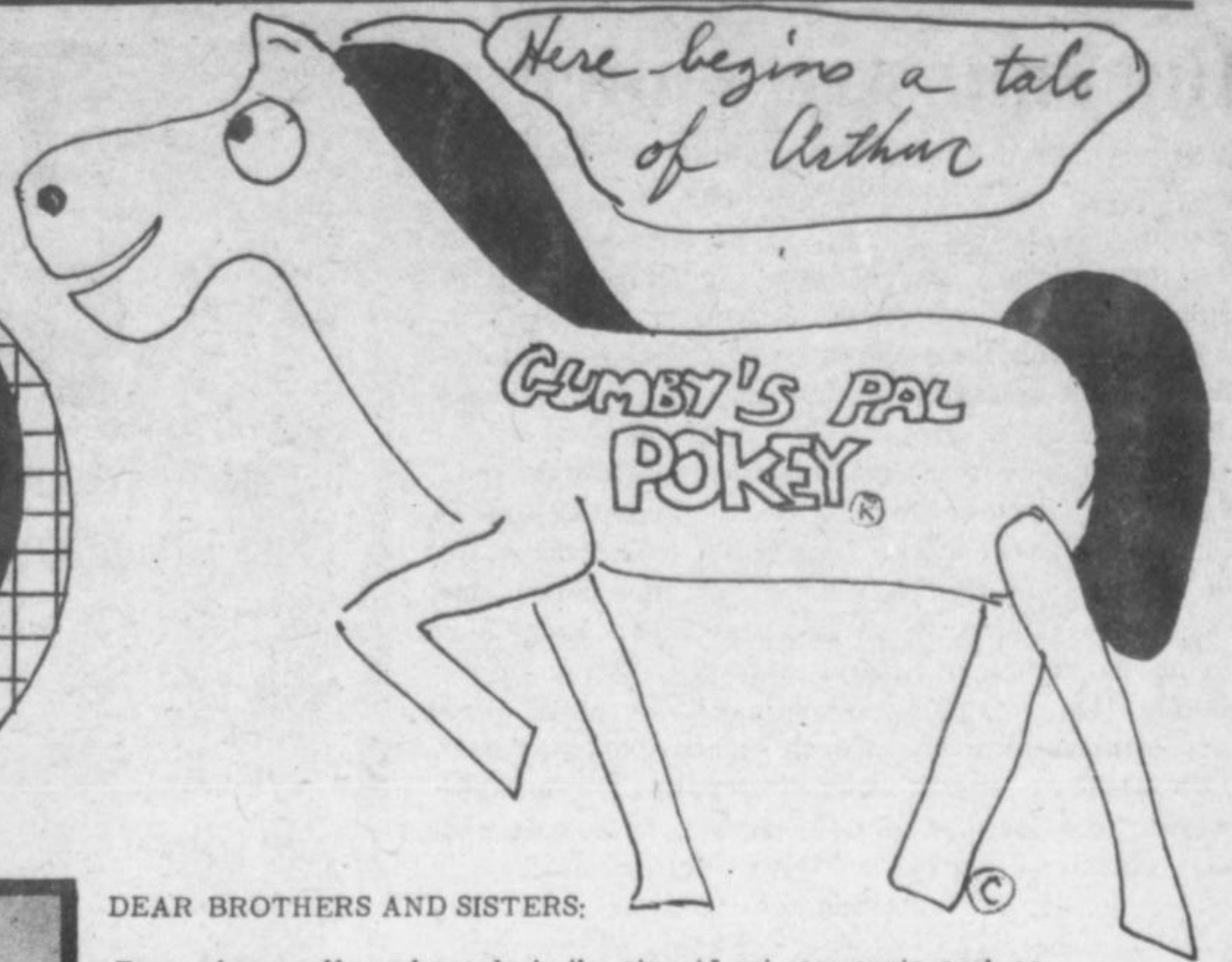
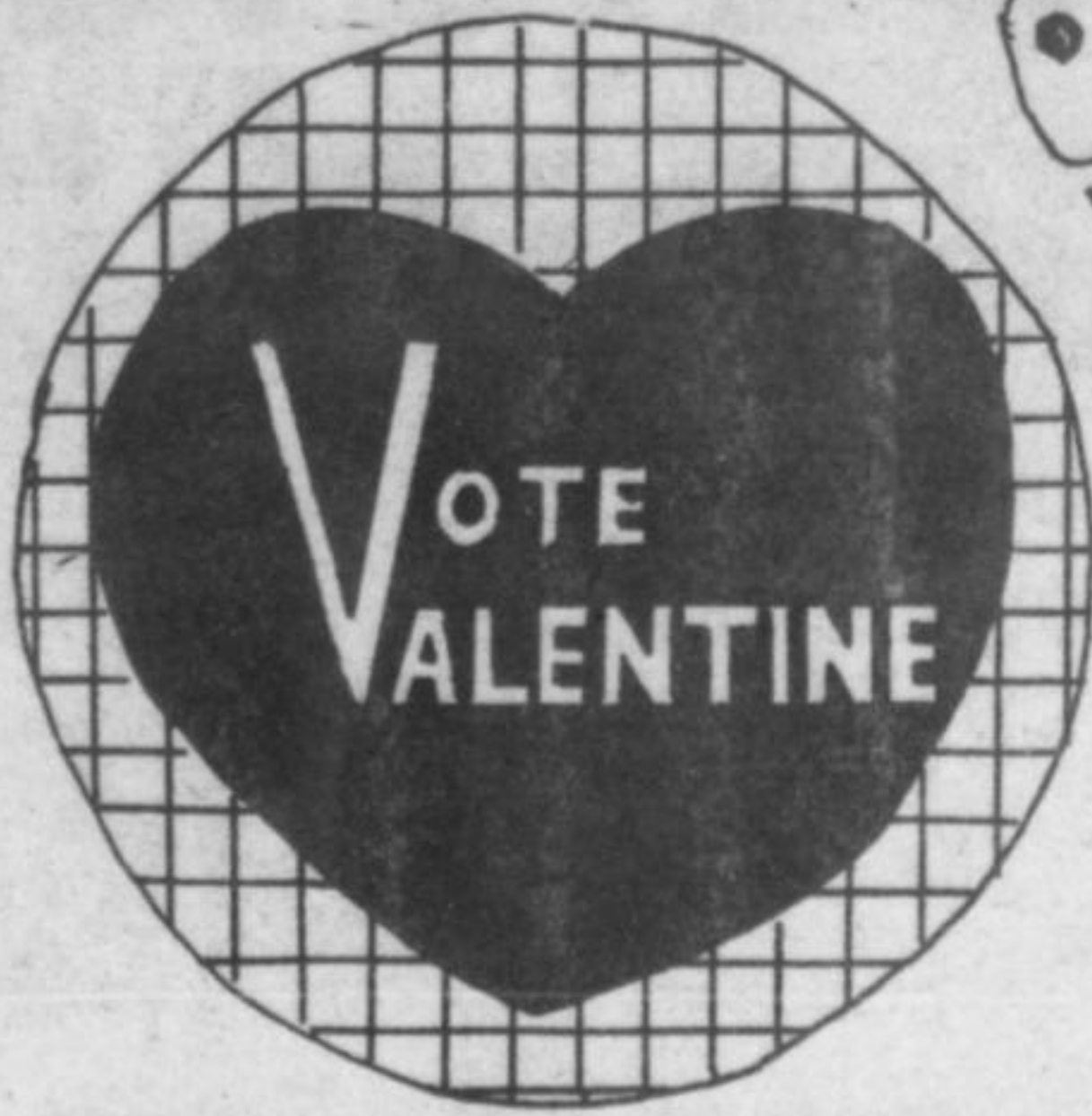
**STEVE MARCUS • TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS
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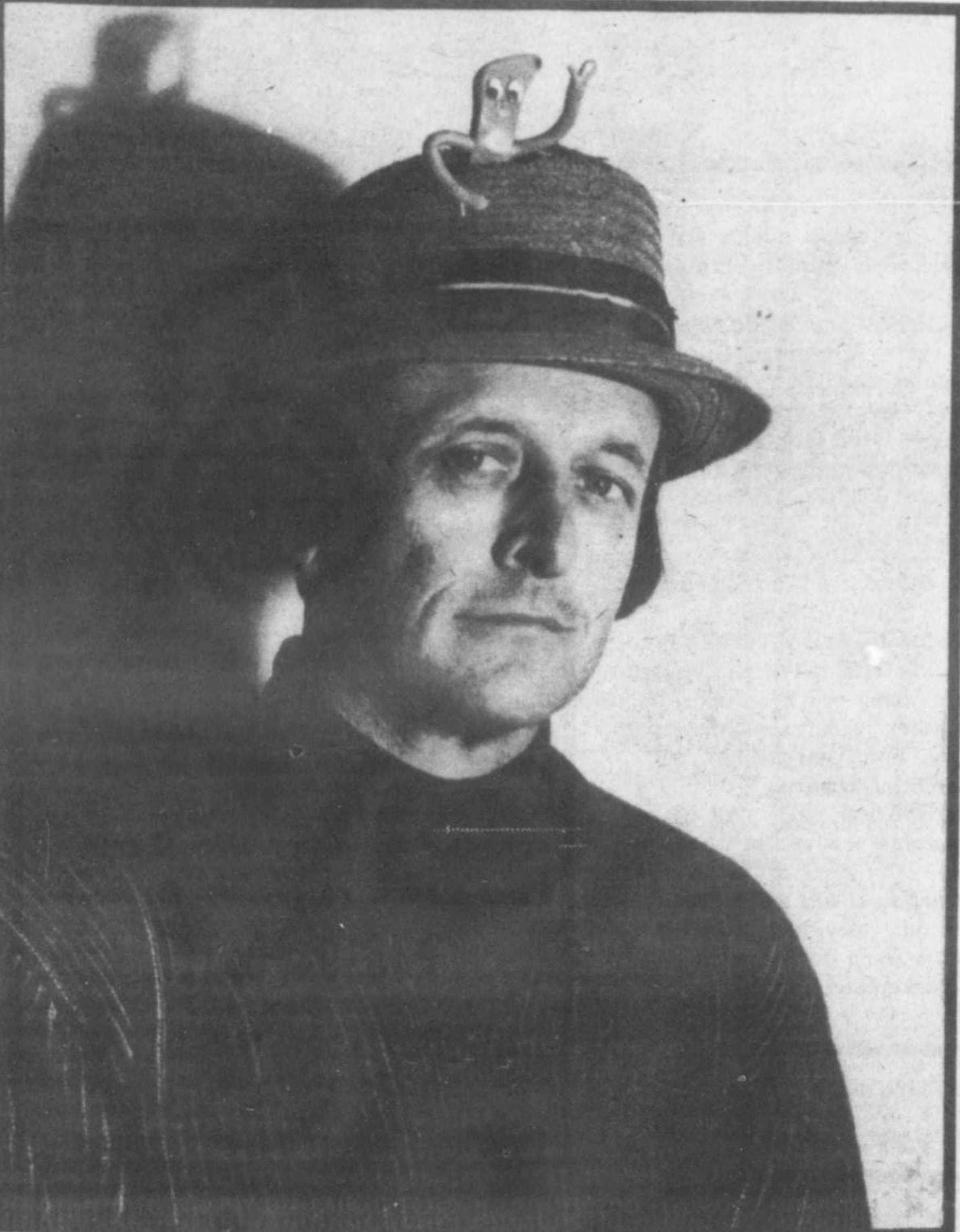
This picture of my grandfather hung in the living room of his farm house in Millington, Michigan. As a child I was fascinated by the big curl in his hair that looked like a large BUMP. Later when trying to decide on the shape of Gumby's head I remembered my grandfather's "bump." I therefore immortalized this bump in my semi-abstract boy-hero, Gumby.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

From phone calls and people in the street I get comments such as these: "Hey, what is it??? ... Who is this Arthur? ... What's all this Candid Candidate and Valentine Party thing anyway? Well, let me begin and answer these questions in order. Over the next several weeks it should all be clear to you. First, What is IT? — IT is my MANIFESTO which is defined by Webster as "A public declaration, usually of a sovereign or political group, showing intentions and motives." I declare my intention to offer myself as your Host at my Valentine Party: I invite you to be my guests at a Valentine Party. My motive is that I want to give New Heart to this nation first and eventually to the world. I feel America's Heart is broken and needs renewal and regeneration. Part of that New Heart is hidden in each of you. I intend to help uncover and bring out and bring together these precious Parts into a Valentine PARTY. I do my part first, opening my heart to you by starting to answer your question: Who is Arthur? Arthur is a CLOKEY. However, since you are not likely to know Clokey, I will begin with a more familiar part of Arthur; that is, the GUMBY of Arthur. A few years ago I had a delightful experience in Boston where I had gone to persuade toy jobbers to distribute my Gumby doll. The largest jobber there had just turned me down saying he didn't think Gumby was very well known and didn't have any sales potential. Dejected I walked away from the office and down this street in a poverty district toward my car. Walking up the street toward me came three black boys about 12 or 13 years old. I pulled out a green Gumby doll and held it up saying: "Do you fellas know who this is?" They all answered in unison: "GUMBY!" By their expressions on their faces I knew they loved Gumby.

This incident occurred at a time when my Gumby Film Company was on the edge of collapse financially. I learned the hard way that honest quality films for children were not considered "commercial" enough by most TV stations. Thanks to the tiny minority of the smart station managers (like Fred Thrower of WPIX, N.Y.) who could see the true potential of my honest creation Gumby, I received enough exposure in a few large markets to prove my point; namely, that everybody loves Gumby! Gumby is my Child of Clay, green clay. The children of this continent and of Europe, Australia, Asia, and Africa have been tripping with my little Clayboy for over ten years now. A few weeks ago at a rally where I heard Dr. Spock it occurred to me that whereas Spock specialized in concern for babies' bodies, I followed up with concern for their hearts and minds through Fantasy during childhood. Now like Spock I feel deep rage at what the Manipulators are doing to Gumby's former "clay-mates," the young rebels thruout our land trying to live a life of joy like Gumby instead of stereotype robots. It was interesting the way Gumby was born. About 1955 I made an experimental Abstract Art Film entitled GUMBASIA which, by the way, has the distinction of being the only ABSTRACT film included last year in Playboy Magazine's series History of Sex in Cinema!! Gumbasia, a film of clay changing shape and color to music, was shown to Sam Engel of 20th Century Fox. Sam, who loved children, suggested that I create a clay puppet boy character for a children's TV film series using my Gumbasia Dimensional Animation technique. I did this and he financed a pilot film, the first Adventure of Gumby. When Tom Sarnoff of NBC saw the film, he immediately signed me up. NBC financed the first part of my Gumby adventure. Within two years I was able to start producing the Gumby Series independently of NBC. Well, enuff fer now.

AU REVOIR, *Arthur*



VARTHUR = GUMBY ÷ ♥

NOT CONNECTED TO, OR SPONSORED BY, THE PRESENT OWNERS, MAKERS, OR DISTRIBUTORS, OF GUMBY ADVENTURE FILMS AND TOYS.



Buckminster Fuller

recurrent global crises. The world is divided clearly into "have" and "have not" peoples — as the geographically unequal distribution of physical resources becomes further sharpened by a correspondingly inequable distribution of the knowledge, and the technology resulting from that knowledge, which transforms the physical resources of the earth into higher standards of living for man.

The solutions to the major world problems, of food, education, shelter, etc., lie in this combination of knowledge and material resources — and these are, at present, mainly preoccupied in maintaining less than half of humanity at relatively high standards of living as compared to the majority of the human family. The increasing pressure of the other "have not" peoples to attain to such higher standards manifests itself in various "local" tensions around the world. Such manifestations of unrest, tension and social upheavals, though productive of so much pain and suffering, are not then, in themselves, the main problem. They are expressive indicators of the gravity of the main problem, but this remains one whose dimensions are unlikely to be reduced by the piece-meal application of local economic and political ameliorative solutions.

The major problem is still — and requires emphatic statement and restatement — *how can we render the world's total resources adequate to the maintenance of the whole human family at advanced standards of living for all?*

No simple sharing of the world's present physical resources would answer this requirement — even on an emergency basis. As our capacity to "interconvert" and recycle materials so as to make them inexhaustible grows, our per capita use of materials also increases. The only way to render the world's resources adequate to the upping of living standards for the whole human family, is through the designed application of the highest performance per pound technologies to the solution of the given problems.

Central to such comprehensively designed application of the highest technological potential to the solution of the world's problems lies adequate statement and restatement of the problems themselves, and their interrelations and priorities. Within such comprehensive statements will be found the direction of possible solutions.

Effective, dramatic and adequate communication of the problems and their potential solutions is, in itself, the most practical first step toward eventual successful solutions. This may be achieved:

—One, by increasing awareness and understanding by the world's peoples of the intrinsically global nature of their problems, less attention and energy may be diverted then to the relative ineffectiveness of "local" piecemeal solution attempts.

—Two, by creating an atmosphere of participation in the consciousness that the solutions to the world's problems are within man's own cooperative control, and that work towards their solution may be engaged upon by all men, further communication will be looked forward to, assisted and welcomed.

This awareness, and sense of participation, is not implicit in any of our present social and political directions.

New Polity

The new "polity" is the world community — a world now made on, not by any political or ideological notions, but by scientific and technological fact! The forward conduct of the new world polity patently requires the assumption of a new world initiative by individuals linked cooperatively around the world.

Around the world young people are demonstrating their eagerness and willingness to face up to the prime questions, "How can we make the world work better: How can we seek common justice for all: How can we act?"

Youth is, by nature, future oriented. Growing up in a world of swift travel and swifter communication, it is more globally aware than any previous generation of man.

We may state that the availability to all men of the highest standards of living is perfectly feasible through our present level of scientific knowledge. It is the central task and responsibility of all men to cooperate in designing the ways and means through which this may be accomplished. No mandate is required, other than personal initiative, self-organized and self-coordinated on a world around basis.

*World of Opportunity, Vol. 1, United Nations Report on Conference on Application of Science and Technology for Less Developed Areas, 1963.

Buckminster Fuller's idea are not easily understood but they are workable. He had come down to the

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lower east side to the people who he thought could best benefit by them. They did not accept him at first because they could not understand that his dream was their dream. They would not accept him on faith alone until one of their own, Chino Garcia, accepted Bucky with trust and love.

Recently THE REAL GREAT SOCIETY has run into trouble with the \$258,447 granted them by the FEDERAL OFFICE OF ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY. It seems the city's antipoverty agencies which had endorsed the grant, have not yet delivered the money to them.

"They're playing games with us. They're destroying our willingness to work. We haven't paid our staff in six weeks," stated Garcia.

The allotment was made for the REAL GREAT SOCIETY'S UNIVERSITY OF THE STREETS effort, started last June to help young people in underprivileged areas of the city study reading, art, music and other cultural programs. Five "universities" of this type are operating in storefront locations.

Mr. Garcia, discussing the problem, said, "We felt it's time we did something about the red tape, the bureaucracy."

When Buckminster Fuller had met with the indigenous poor of the lower east side, they had accepted him. Now everyone down here wants to know, when will John V. Lindsay meet Buckminster Fuller.

millard thomas
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Captain Theodore of Engine 3 suffered a groin injury when he walked into a protruding pipe.

AD RATES are Personal Ads; \$5.00 for the first 25 words, 20c per word thereafter, classified ads; \$3.75 for the first 25 words, 15c each additional word. A telephone number must be included with personal ads (in or out of copy) for verification. Deadline for classified and personal ads is Monday noon, every week. Send check or money order with copy to EVO Box 571, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

EMPLOYMENT

PROFESSIONAL Photographers do you need nude, semi-nude, or fashion male or female models for book covers—figure work—magazine layouts and etc. We have them by the hour or session at low rates. For information call Kent, 10 to 6 at 628-5760.

PROFESSIONAL Photographer needs female nude, semi-nude, and fashion models. \$10.00-\$25.00, an hour. Age 15-30. Call Brion at 628-5476.

PHOTOGRAPHER (24), in Television media, seeks broadminded. Girls interested in nude modeling and love. Photo if possible. Don't be shy. J. K. Box 5018, Grand Central Post Office, N.Y.C., N.Y.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

FEMALE Nude models wanted \$40-\$60 per day. Still and motion picture work in modern studio. No experience necessary. Need many girls—steady. Phone 545-8997 or 545-9233. C.V.S. Figure Studios.

LOOKING for exceptional lead singer style - Mick Jaeger, Jim Morrison. Drummer also, style Mitch Mitchel or Ginger Baker, for original group going to top with all original material. Must have transportation to Island. Information call: 516-671-1157 after 6 p.m. 516-671-1925.

ATTRACTIVE, Bird, over 16, under 21, clear complexion, jr. figure, 110 lbs. or less, B-cup. Compensation will include professional model's portfolio of twenty 11x14 prints plus meals during shooting schedule, transportation, incidental expenses to be discussed and two bucks per hour. Few semi-nudes strictly good taste—no pornography. Hours adjustable to requirements of model and myself. If you think this is what's happening — Let's talk — 255-7522, eves.

MEXICAN HOUSEBOYS AND MAIDS, young live-in-type. Only \$24 a month. Direct from Mexico to meet your requirements. For details send \$1 to Almo, Box 65982, Los Angeles, Calif. 90065.

TV producer wants well built Negro females 16-25. Must be well hung for possible stud work on side. For tryout call 269-3652 during day.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs models, experienced and non-experienced, Caucasian, Negro, etc. For illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: George Sova, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio. 255-2711.

WANTED: Female figure models. No exp. necessary. Must have good face and figure. \$8 to \$15 per hour. Call Photo Studio. 929-8749. Will Days 2-7 p.m.

SECRETARY JR. Willing to train bright beginner as executive secretary. Steno and typing required. Salary open. Call WA 4-2220. Mr. Pat Dee.

TALENTED pen for writing, quick mind with ideas for marketing and display media. Possible partnership for the right person. Contact P.O. Box 773, Dept. VO, Ansonia Station, N.Y. 10023.

WRITER wants bright, attractive and responsible GIRL for occasional instructive p/t work, \$1.50 hour. Easy subway transportation. Contact: Writer, 2nd floor, 37-40 75th St., Queens, N.Y. 11372.

NUDE MODEL. Must be over 21. Earn up to \$150 per day. No nonsense straight business deal. Phone and photo a must. Brandi, Box 372, Merrick, N.Y., 11566.

GIRLS wanted to pose for nudist magazines. \$50 immediate cash. Lee Studio "A" 279-6452, Thurs., Fri., Sat., 1-9 p.m. 68 W. 39th St., N.Y.C.

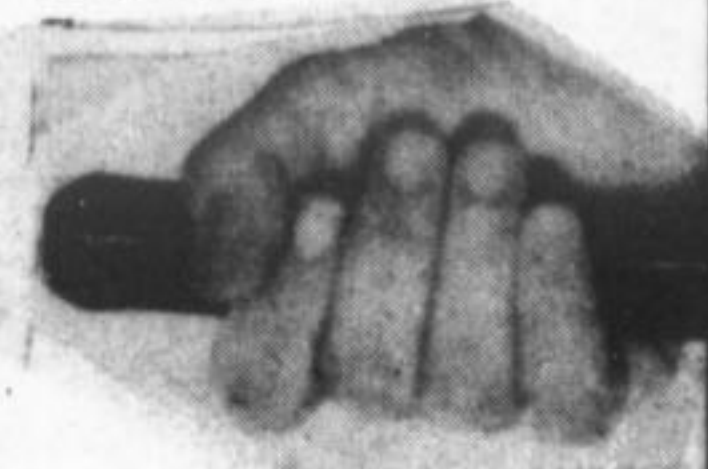
50 YOUNG male figure models for professor photographer. No experience necessary. \$10.00 per hour. Call AL 5-2711.

GIRLS, couples needed for creative, experimental photography and for figure modeling. Non-commercial purpose only. Earn \$10.00 to \$15.00. Call Jon Van Linden, 267-2912, for appointment and interview.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

LISTEN to the warm. Rod McKuen sings Rod McKuen. Only New York concert. Philharmonic Hall, Sunday, April 21, 2:30. Tickets at box office now.

WHERE are the peace demonstrations and meetings this week? DIAL - A - DEMONSTRATION. 924-6315.



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GROUP 212 Summer 1968 Inter-Arts Workshop painting, sculpture, film-making, graphics, inter-media, expanded theater, dance, poetry electronic music, goju karate etc. Write P.O. 96, Woodstock, N.Y., 12498.

GROUP 212, N.Y.C. OPEN HOUSE talk about summer project films, slides, enrollment information. Fri., April 12, 2-7 p.m., 61 E. 11th St., 982-6688.

THE MAJOR point of every art is universality. Tiny Tim for President.

FREE HOLIDAY FOR TWO IN MIAMI BEACH for the best letter describing how he she has avoided involvement in typical sexual games (dating, "parking", any pretenses). Apartment 15, 105 MacDougal St., N.Y.C. 10012.

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THE BLACK BOOK is a singles-only magazine dedicated to putting new people into your life. The Black Book, unlike other publications advertised nearby is dignified, legit and deals in service, not sensations. If you are tired of the same old faces the Black Book is for you. Send \$1 for your copy. Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C. 10036.

READ "RESPONSE" magazine. Hundreds of ads from Pussycats and Tigers eager to romp. Sexciting photos. Special offers. Get with it. Current issue \$2. "Special Edition" \$1. Adults only (give age) Remson, suite 6, 116 W. 87th St., N.Y., 10024.

FOR a sample copy of America's best homosexual mag., send \$1 to Tangents, 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

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MALE nudism is popular among free thinkers. Fully illustrated magazine and sample monthly newsletter. State age, send \$5.00 to Solstice Society, Box 3775-V, Van Nuys, California, 91407.

READ "Response" Magazine. Hundreds of ads from Pussycats and Tigers eager to romp. Sexciting photos. Special offers. Get with it! Current issue \$2. "Special Edition," \$1. Adults only (give age) Remson, Suite 6, 116 W. 87th St., N.Y. 10024.

"SIZZLING Adult Tabloid" New-Bold, Daring! Broadminded news, Personals, Sources, Hard-to-Get Items. Sample 25c. Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

OUTRAGEOUS Catalogue, 10c to: The Mad Peck, Dept. A., Box 2307, Providence, Rhode Island, 02906.

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PHOTOGRAPHER for your sex orgies. Extremely reasonable rates. Hetero-parties only. Have pictures of your fun. J. K. Box 5018, Grand Central Post Office, N.Y.C., N.Y.

THE PLACE WHERE MEN MEET TO SEEK THE HIGHEST IS HOLY GROUND.

MALE nudism club now being formed in New York City. Over 50 members. Date and address of our next meeting will be sent on receipt of \$5.00 along with our newsletter. State age. Sent to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10023.

CLUB ANDREA is the name of the New Swingers club and publication for modern gal's, huys and couples offering the opportunity to meet swinging people at our own private parties. Send \$5.00 for your copy and the date and addresses of our next party to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

N.Y.C. - Small Tri-State Groups Forming: Educated couples, gals, versatile guy 25/50. Object: Play, travel together. No bullshitters, cheapskates or disciplinarians. Pre-requisite — **HONESTY**, address, photo. Mrs. Kaye c/o Box 175, N.Y.C. 10009.

FERRY BOAT PILGRIMAGE to Staten Island's Artist's Bazaar. The New Rebirth is worshipped through the medium of fantastic and beautiful art forms. Handmade jewelry, sandals, and handbags, embroidered garments, paintings, sculpture, antiques, fine art fashions. **SAADIA IS THE WAY**. 1090 CASTLETON AVE., Staten Island. Telephone 4479519. Take the number 3 bus from the Ferry.

"METROPOLITAN Hedonistic Society" Seeks limited number of new members. Swingers only need apply with Photo, Phone and letter. Uninhibited singles couples, ac/dc gals. Box 159, 5517 Broadway, New York, 10463.

VISUALIZE: Two pretty bilingual roommates engaged in French homework. Both avid French enthusiasts and each zealously takes turns instructing the other. \$5 a set won't dissappoint. **BEACHUM**, 152 W. 42nd, Room 536, N.Y.C. 10036.

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FOR THE ultimate in massage. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal. Lic. 528742, MU 8-4681 and EL 5-3192, 210 East 53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

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NOW FORMING—male nudist club—for a different and exciting summer. Country retreat w/cottages lounge and sports. Plus midtown club facilities limited and select membership over 18 (need two (2) admin. assists. must write well and have good tel. voice). Write: Mr. C. Pauls, P.O. Box 307, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

AMATEUR Photographers would like to shoot a beautiful girl or young male or both in the finest studio in town or at your home. We have equipment to rent and special group and private sessions. If you would like to meet our models call Kim at 628-5871 1 to 9 Andre Figure Model Studio Inc.

"CLUB POM-POM" — Where swingers meet for adult fun. Sexotic hobbies Communique \$1. Details 25c from: Fazekas, Dept. E. Box 54, New York, N.Y. 10038.

PERSONAL

PEGGY H. CALL ROGER FOR BAD NEWS FROM SYRACUSE. \$5.00. 722-6308.

TALL good look bachelor will submit to well endowed and very strong supergals irrespective of race. Big gay butch girls welcome. No men. Phone: AT 2-2440.

COLLEGE graduate, 23, intelligent, mature, understanding, fun-loving desires enduring but passionate relationship hopefully leading to marriage, to very attractive and sexy, but strong willed and sincere girl. Am anxious to share my apt., rent free, if desired. Write Ron Rogart, 142-25 Pershing Crescent, Apt. 4C, Jamaica, N.Y.

EUROPE ANYONE? Handsome young man (28) seeks intelligent girl for European travel and "live in" at Cannes or Palma. Passage free lv. May 8. Must be under 5'5" with interest in films. Call for interview at 565-4430, 9-5 p.m. before IV/20.

SEEKING; sensitive, slender female. For meaningful or limited relationship. I'm extremely open-minded, uninhibited and honest. Will entertain any sincere request. Considered good looking, (39, 5'10", 160), College grad. great Manhattan pad. Discretion and answer guaranteed. Write: GPO, Box 1410, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 28 — looking for young warm intelligent sensitive woman for a fantastic intercourse. Call Bob after 6 p.m. 672-5804.

TALL, handsome young male artists (32, 6'3", 185 lbs.), needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime or twilight togetherness. Call 685-1541, days.

THE SPECTER defies a smile with crimson puffs of wile and radiance cringes with shame when despair plunders the flame. YU 2-4471. **ORPHEUS JR.**

NEED attractive girl; 16-21; for love and/or roommate. Am sincere and good looking. Call Anthony 759-3720 weekdays.

ATTRACTIVE professional negro male 26, wants uninhibited sincere attractive white or Spanish female only. 18-36 for companionship and love. Anything goes. Call Mr. Campana, MU 4-9564.

MARK SCHAFRICK — Please call home collect. No coaxing. We must speak to you.

COME HOME — when spring-time stains the SHIELD/with the fettered wrinkles of the unsealed/ COME iHOME/ when thunder awakens to a PIN/ with the frozen wisdom of sin/ YU 2-4471. **ORPHEUS JR.**

AFFECTIONATE and understanding male, 26, 5'9, 150 lbs., college graduate, financially secure, looking for the right girl for fun, parties, and close friendships who is slender and has long hair. Write: Post Office Box 1502, Waterbury, Connecticut.

ATTRACTIVE single male age 38, college graduate seeks uninhibited affectionate attractive white female for sexual happiness. P.O. Box 4996, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10017.

JOEL B. Please call home your mother very sick or speak to Louis Abalafia, 129 East 4th Street. All is forgiven, Dad.

MALE, 38, visiting city Easter weekend, would like to party with congenial couple edible female, 20-40, Call 675-7867, April 12-14.

"WOMAN, young, attractive looking for another woman or girl to accompany her to discreet swinging parties. M. Borden, 150 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10038."

BACHELOR undergraduate, 5'10", white, mature, handsome, seeks single, slender female for straight-forward, uninhibited, inexpensive balling, has pad. Discretion assured. NO fags. P.O. Box 253, N.Y.C. 10013.

LAURA a 1,00,000,000 kisses from Amy and a whoop from Paul. Call home (or call Barbara or Missi at EVO, 228-8640). We love you.

PLAYMATES wanted: Girls to share Paradise in The British Virgin Islands with swinging Continental bachelors. Pay own transportation. Free room and board. Send picture and resume to L. E. Gary, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands.

HOMOSEXUALITY IS JUST A PAIN IN THE ASS.

18 YEAR OLD homosexual wants to spend life in dungarees running thru the park. Ready for love. Under 25's. Call Bill (201) 523-0691.

MULTILINGUAL, handsome, sophisticated broadminded latin-european male student (24, 6', 165) serious financial difficulty needs generous female sponsor passionate repayment. Write: Lampedusa, 155 Avenue C, N.Y.C. 10009.

GOOD-LOOKING single girls 18-25 . . . Are you interested in recreational summer weekends in the Poconos?? Must be free and fun-loving! Photo requested with your letter, addressed to: Billy Walters, Town House #10, High St., Hackentstown, New Jersey.

TWO white college students desire fulfilling sexual relationship with two young females. **NO QUEERS OR PRUDES.** Write: Sam & Dave, 7323 Avenue U, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11234.

WOMAN would like to know EVO readers in Princeton, N.J. area interested in the New World of Being. Write: Box 106, Cranbury, N.J.

NOCTURNAL negro, 20, wants to share unfurn. 3 1/2 room apt. (West 40's) with disturbing handsome, intriguing male animal or couple who feel three can be a beautiful crowd. Phone evs. between 6 and 7 p.m. My name is Venus. 265-1649.

HANDSOME, 3 a day sex friend, 34, wants pretty young partner for swap parties with exciting "in-crowd" show business, and other young couples. If you dig sex, man will you dig me! S.F., Box 627, Stuyvesant Station, N.Y. 10009.

C. E. CALL GR 3— emit a tiny violet flavored nuisance . . .

YOUNG swinging couple wishes to exchange personal photos with other couples. Husband is amateur photographer seeking examples of human behavior for own use. Non-commercial only. Not for publication. G.P.D., P.O. Box 7, Riverdale, N.Y. 10471.

GIRLS tired of jokers? Young man wants to ball white female who wishes an honest emotional and physical relationship. Lyons, Box 226, Times Square Station, N.Y.C. 10036.

LONELY G.I. Still wants to hear from N.Y. girls. Peg-Margaret you forgot your return address. Victor, P.O. Box 258, Chelsea Station, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10011.

ATTRACTIVE female wanted for all type of publicity and promotion work, good opportunity. Also, an attractive female with good business sense. Good opportunity for right person. Call Mrs. Abnero, 9-6, 757-3995.

I AM VERY attractive young free lance model looking for work from serious minded people only. Will do fashion, figure, photographic work. Call Mr. Lean, 9-6 p.m. 582-4757.

YOUNG bored stud seeks exchange of frank letters and photos with cunt. Write: John, Box 288, Milesburg, Pa. 16853.

HANDSOME intelligent wordly man (36) seeks young lady who needs real help or guidance with any problems. Willing to share my complete pad. Have auto. 342-8198.

HIP BOY, into good scene in East Village, has groovy pad & friends, seeks turned on girl to share it all. Call 477-9051.

PEACE AND HAPPINESS HELEN AND MIKE. MAY YOUR CHILDREN BE BORN TURNED ON. LOVE EVO.

LARGE LOFT wanted, prefer Chelsea area, low rent, High ceilings. Nobody walks, money talks. Call Gil or secretaries at EVO. 228-8640.

PEACE - HAPPINESS - GOOD KARMA - SUN TAN Dear A.S.

STITZBATH FINORRK
THE EBBING POINT OF THE LIBERATION ARMY, WEED UP BABY . . . TIMES A 'WAISTING'. ZOD

FEMALE, aspiring fashion model, over 21, scared of the Big City, needs private room with cooking privileges in house with group of friendly, liberal people by May 5th. Please write, giving location, rent, etc. to: Sherry Pinney, 2026A Parker, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

TALL, handsome, young man, luxury apartment, many interests, desires similar girl for love or companionship. Will satisfy all desires. Can share apartment. Call Gene 479-6258. Weekdays after 11 p.m. Sat. & Sun. mornings. Girls only.

ARE you 23 or under and desire occasional love? An intelligent male, aged 22, with small Village pad shares your desires. I enjoy music, conversation, and sex. For a meeting of mind and body call Kein at 473-7345 anytime. No perverts.

ALL SKEPTICS WERE WARNED-

THE HAWKS ARE HUNGRY!!

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MANY GIRLS. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING FOR NUDIST MAGAZINES. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

